Grand·Prix

INTERNATIONAL

Nº56 - SEPTEMBER 17th 1982 - GREAT BRITAIN £ 1.25 - CANADA $ 3.50

Black Power

John Player Special King Size

The test we quote in the headline also described the XJS-H.E. as "travelling so quickly and silently between two points that some other means than internal combustion seems to have been employed." Which you may think says it all.

However, we would like to add a fact or two.

First, the engine. 5.3 litres, V12, 300 BHP with a maximum speed of 155 mph, and acclaimed as the finest production engine anywhere in the world.

Yet the XJS-H.E. delivers fuel economy comparable to many smaller engined cars. (On a run from Munich to Calais Motor Magazine's test car achieved 21.9 mpg at an average running speed of 62.6 mph.)*

This remarkable achievement is made possible by the adoption of the unique 'fireball' cylinder head, combined with an advanced digital fuel injection system which precisely meters the amount of fuel required second by second.

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"THE FASTEST AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION PRODUCTION CAR IN THE WORLD."
SUNDAY TIMES, OCTOBER 1981.

The overwhelming verdict of the motoring press is that the XJS-H.E. is the finest Grand Touring car money can buy.

We'd like to add that the few rivals for that title can cost up to twice as much as the Jaguar's price of £19,708.

Price, based upon manufacturer's RRP and correct at time of going to press, includes seat belts, car tax and VAT. (Delivery, road tax and number plates extra). Official fuel consumption figures: constant 56 mph 27.1 mpg (10.4 L/100 km); constant 75 mph 22.5 mpg (12.6 L/100 km); urban cycle 15.6 mpg (18.1 L/100 km); *Issue dated 18th July 1981.

JAGUAR CARS
In pursuit of perfection.

Longines named sole Grand Prix timekeeper. To time events to 1/1000th sec.

For the next three years, Longines will be sole official timekeeper of Formula One world championships – from Kyalami in 1982 to Las Vegas in 1984. The appointment was made by FISA and FOCA. Longines is also the choice of the Ferrari and Renault racing stables. On the track, on your wrist, look to Longines for the last word in time.

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Longines. Quartz made in Switzerland.

LONGINES

A Matter of Style

LONGINES
OFFICIAL TIMEKEEPER OF
THE FERRARI RACING TEAM

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Winning the Italian GP before the delirious crowd, René Arnoux lightened Renault's gloom after Alain Prost was forced to retire, ending his Championship hopes. Keith Botsford describes René's race, listens to his comments on Prost, and explains why the defeat of two Ferraris was not such an Italian tragedy.

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It was dominated from start to finish by the Ferraris, watched by a sea of screaming tifosi. Tambay was brillant on Friday, only to be outdone by the old master, Mario Andretti, back in FI for one great race and lapping at more than 146 mph.

N°57 (LAS VEGAS) WILL BE ON SALE ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1982

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The paddock in Monza

IT'S NOT A PORSCHE, IT'S A TAG !

"Teams like Ferrari and Renault spend far more on their racing than they'll admit. Drivers' salaries paid out of the corporate PR budget, engine research written off against the R&D costs: people like them don't even dare to add up the true cost of going racing. This is why we have to go out and get the sponsorship to try and beat them."

That's Ron Dennis, joint Managing Director of McLaren International, speaking, and earlier this year he went out and did just that. At least, that's what most pressmen assumed when it was formally announced at Monza that McLaren and TAG (Techniques d'Avant Garde) had combined forces in the shape of a new company, TAG Turbos Limited, to market the 80 degree V6 turbocharged F1 engine which Porsche AG at Weissach is building to power an all-new McLaren for 1983.

As Dennis was at pains to point out, though, *"this is a business venture, not a racing sponsorship: Mansour Ojeh of TAG is an astute businessman, and he sees a very long term future for our association. Porsche has its reputation at stake, while both McLaren International and TAG have high levels of finance invested, a multi-million dollar stake."*

Inevitably, rumour suggested that Dennis was trying to steal a sponsor from Frank Williams, but that was not so. *"We've had a message from Mansour telling us that we are and will remain his first love in racing,"* said a Williams spokesman. *"Our budget for 1983 and the foreseeable future is assured by TAG, which is the best sponsor we or any other team could hope to have."*

Nevertheless, it does appear that Dennis has managed to guarantee the finance necessary for his Porsche engine in exchange for TAG's name on the rocker covers.

It could, of course, produce a conflict of interest eventually, as Dennis admits: *"as McLaren International, we will want exclusivity on the engine. But as TAG Turbos Ltd we may want to supply other teams."*

Could one of those teams be Williams? Not as things stand, it would seem. For 1983, Frank Williams has already arranged turbopower, rumoured to come from Italy. *"And unlike McLaren, it looks as though we won't be paying for it either,"* he is believed to have said...

TAG had put out a gnomic communiqué on the public part of all this. What is now missing is a similar communiqué from Renault. So far, the only hard information we have is a television appearance by Gérard Larrousse and a press statement from Max Mangenot, both assuring us that Ligier, now divorced from Talbot, would have a Renault engine "during next season." Such a release might tell us when, how and if the whole thing is possible.

TRANSFER MARKET

Among the moves confirmed at Monza were those of Eddie Cheever from Ligier to Renault and of René Arnoux from Renault to Ferrari. The former shows sound commercial thinking. Having bought AMC in America and being about to launch the Renault

9 on that huge, faltering market, and American driver does not come amiss. Besides, the new car is called "Alliance".

SALAZAR SACKED

Gunther Schmid , boss of the ATS team, sacked his Chilean driver Eliseo Salazar on Saturday morning at Monza. Amongst the reasons were that Salazar had said in GPI interview that he expected to stay with the team next year, but that he didn't feel that the team was capable of providing two identical cars. He was to be proved right and wrong, for after being sacked in the morning, both Eliseo and teammate Winkelhock had to use the same car in the afternoon's qualifying session as the German found his own car handled so badly. Ironically, the German failed to get onto the grid, but the Chilean succeeded. Schmid was unimpressed, and left Monza on race-day morning for Cannes.

While Salazar seeks another team for 1983, Schmidt hopes that his remaining driver will be a passport to a BMW turbo engine for next season, at least for one car. But the possibility of running a second Cosworth car hasn't been ruled out: apart from Jonathan Palmer,

F3 champion Oscar Larrauri has also tested an ATS.

Palmer tests the ATS

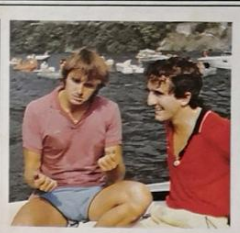
ATS organized a long test session at Silverstone after Dijon with two cars present. Eliseo Salazar drove one and the young Formula Two driver Jonathan Palmer, who was to take part the following day in the 1000 km of Spa-Francorchamps in the Porsche 924-Canon, was in the second. The aim was not to try for records but to make progress in development, which was why Alistair Caldwell called in the British "comingman", who already has considerable test driver experience thanks to a testing contract with Frank Williams.

BARBECUE

The world's motoring press nearly lost their favourite watering hole on Saturday night. The motorhome that Elf kindly make available to press regulars was lucky to escape with light fire damage after a flash fire. This was caused by a sudden spark from an overhead cable which set light to fuel being pumped out by Dave Wilkie, one of the vehicle's regular hosts. Fortunately, rapid intervention by Bill Box from the nearby Toleman team extinguished the fire, and only slight singeing around the fuel tank revealed just how close the world's press had come to paying for their own food!

LIGHT FINGERS

The thieves of Monza were as active as ever. The Williams team had a Range Rover stolen from them while they were eating in a restaurant: it was the second to be stolen from the team in two years. The next night, outside the same restaurant, the team came out to find that someone had tried to steal a Rolls Royce loaned to them by Achilli Motors, only the transmission had broken. When they found the car, the engine was running. Meanwhile, somewhere in Italy, another dishonest man will be trying to get his local TV station on one of four Longines monitors to be stolen from teams on Saturday night. Unfortunately for him, he will find that it does not pick up a signal. Finally, the Italian press reported 40 BMW s stolen in 36 hours in and around Monza.



Cheever on the water

Like last year, a speedboat race was organised the weekend before the Italian GP on Lake Como, with several F1 drivers invited to try their skill in the marvellous setting off the Villa d'Este. Eddie Cheever won both heats in the Abbate boats powered by 185 hp Volvo Penta engines, with Alain Prost second overall and credited with the fasted lap, having been 3rd in the first heat and 2nd in the second. Raul Boesel, who placed 2nd and 3rd, in the heats was 3rd overall. Elio de Angelis, suffering from a tweaked right arm from an accident in private testing at Monza, and René Arnoux, with back pain after a fall, could not take part. Nor could Bruno Giacomelli, but his problem was a sponsorship clash! At the prizegiving were Johanne Villeneuve, widow of last year's winner of the event, her children Melanie and Jacques, and constructor Tullio Abbate, all in our photo.

Speaking of Canada...

Canada has been in the news in the F1 world in recent weeks for two reasons : Jacques Villeneuve, and the curious ideas of Canadian tax men.

Gilles' brother drove the Trois Rivieres CanAm race in a semi-works Osella 2000 in a style which overjoyed the spectators. At Monza, there was very serious talk of the possibility he would be an Osella F1 driver in 1983.

Regarding the tax men, it seems that Revenue-Canada has come up with a highly discutable tax raising scheme, which could put the future of the Canadian Grand Prix in serious jeopardy. It is nothing more nor less than taxing the drivers at 15 % of the part of their annual income stemming from the Canadian race, that is, 15 % of 1/16th of their annual revenue worldwide. Taking an estimated income of 4 million dollars for Niki Lauda, for example, Revenue-Canada would like to see him pay $37,500 (about, £ 21,500) into Ottawa's coffers. It goes without saying that if this idea, currently being seriously discussed, is successful, other countries might find it attractive...

OUT GROWING TRADITION

By saturday night, 147,000 tifosi had already purchased their tickets for the race; another 50,000 or so were still to come in by their various dodges, some of them even paying. Certainly, on a muggy, humid day, more than 200,000 were there for the special spectacle that Monza always provides. It all recalls the good old days of Nürburgring with 300,000 packed in the woods, or the masses accumulated at Le Mans and Indy in startling fashion.

You can say a lot about Monza —that it is old, that it is fast and possibly dangerous, that its cosmetic chicanes have added nothing to the spectacle of the race— but you cannot say that it is not good for the sport. A large part of its annual success is tied to the mythical aspects of Ferrari; but that is not true of Monza alone, as Austria would show, for when Ferraris aren't competitive there, the Italians just don't come.

But questions still remain. The inflation of numbers continues, but what is being done to cope with it? The annual guessing game, it seems, is always wrong. Monza's crowds, like Topsy, just keep growin'.

For Monza is far from being an ideal circuit. Unlike Brands or the Österreichring where the public enjoys an excellent view of the race (or the old São Paulo circuit for that matter), Monza affords its crowds only the most fleeting glimpses of the sport. True, the fans don't seem to mind. Presumably they are there for other reasons. It is perhaps the very fact that the fruit is forbidden that makes it so attractive to them.

The next thing you can say about Monza, given its extraordinary crowd behaviour and the total lack of discipline that reigns there, whether of the crowd itself or the police and guards who are supposed to keep order, is that an aura of fear hangs over the place. What is good for the sport —that so many should choose to come, in such obvious discomfort— is also a danger. If the crowd can overflow onto the track at the end of the race, who is to say that it cannot, unimpeded, overflow onto the track when some other accident or event attracts its attention and whets its peculiar appetite? To have 200,000+ people in any one place is a constant danger, must be recognized as such and in some way planned for, not just allowed to happen.

Nor is there just that. The paddock at Monza is the scene, year in and year out, of very real danger to life and limb, not to speak of intolerable working conditions for mechanics, drivers, the press and the rest of those who have business there. One wonders if it is really beyond the will —or the imagination— of those who control such circuits to devise ways of separating human and tourist traffic from those who have their appointed tasks? And if it were true in the paddock, is it not necessarily true, too, of the main road alongside the parking lots on which all the business traffic of the circuit must flow. Other circuits have begun to solve the problem —notably Dijon. Has Monza simply been outgrown?

GPI

RED-HEARTED RENÉ

The saucer eyes, the dishevelled lock of hair, the wan grin, the sweat, the pain and the joy were all there. René Arnoux had done it. He'd not just done if for himself or to prove a point within Renault. He'd done it at Monza before the crowd which he proposed to conquer and inherit. He wasn't yet with Ferrari, but he might as well have been. They cheeredhimfor it, he cheered himself with it. He had outlasted doubt, survived uncertainty; he was filthy, cocky and quiet by turns. He was also deeply, feelingly happy.

by Keith Botsford

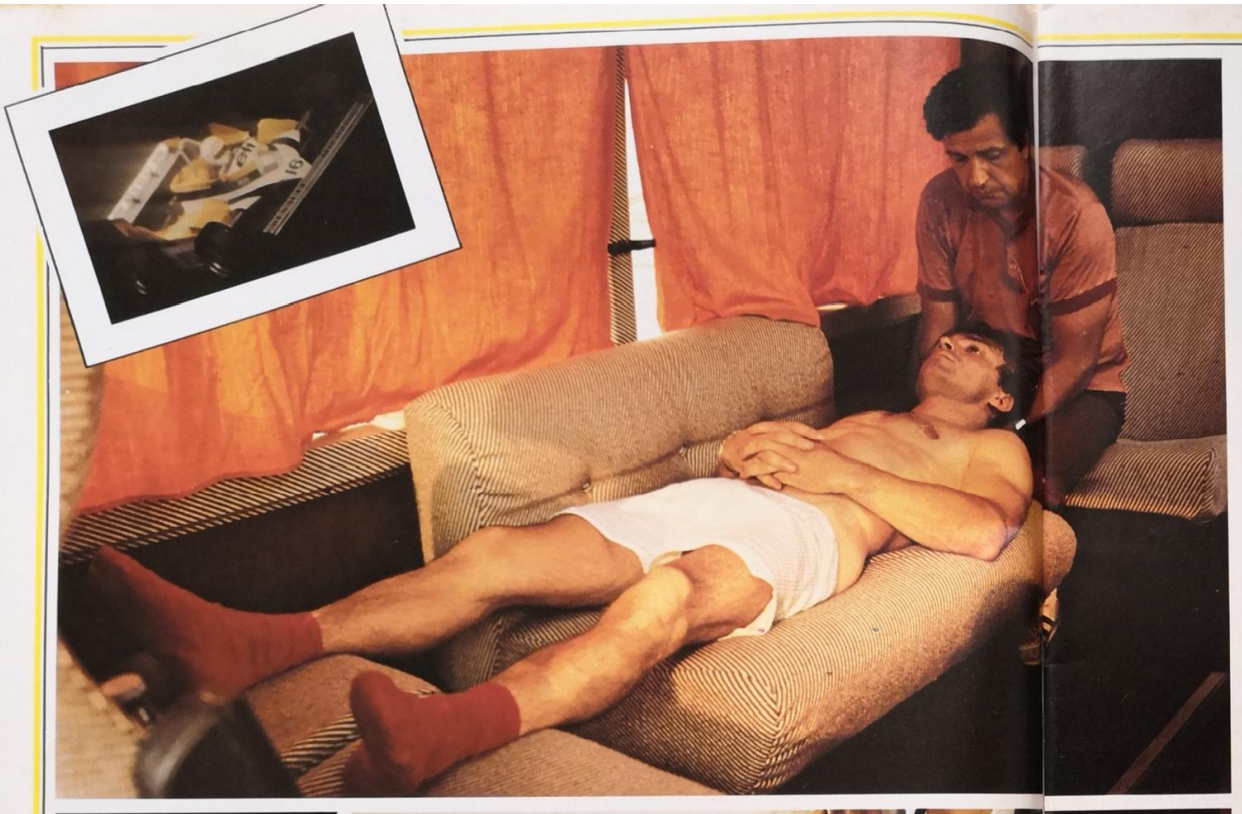
He did his lap of honour helmetless and waving; he pulled in to the pits gasping, pale and dog-tired. The Renault pit was, as might be expected after Prost had definitely lost his chances for the championship, ambiguous. Celebrations for some, grief for others. Up on the podium, despite the smiles and the waves and the Ferrari trio it represented (one a future team-mate, one a hired hand for the day and René for the future), he looked lost and diminutive. Not in all other respects had it been a perfect weekend. His team-mate Alain Prost was, after all, still in the hunt for the title. Ever inquisitive, the world wanted to know if there were team orders out. René was circumspect: *"If our cars are close"*, he said, *"I will know how to behave. But if they're as at Ricard, I imagine the temptation might be too great"*. Then there had been that silly accident in a boat the Sunday before: *"A wave took me by surprise and I hit the gunwale without a lifejacket on. I hit it hard. Luckily, it was just a muscle and it got better steadily"*.

Finally, practice had not produced the usual superb results: *"the cars were just less well set-up"*, said René. The final result was an unaccustomed sixth place on the grid.

On the positive side, however, was the plunge finally taken to Ferrari. That took a load off his mind. And on that subject he was quite eloquent. *"The Renaults have a great potential"*, he said in a quiet, relaxed moment, *"but the Ferraris are so utterly reliable"*. That summed up a lot of his feeling about the season! He was, he added, just about the most experienced turbo driver in Formula One; he thought he could make a real contribution to Ferrari. Knowing his fascination with things mechanical, that seems a foregone conclusion.

What about relations with Prost? Had he a definitive word, now that the problem, so to speak, lay — apart from this race — in the past? *"It had been going sour for a year. I don't really know why. I used to be able to talk problems out open-*

→



René's Italian week didn't put him in the best of shape for Monza. He had nearly crippled his back during a boat-race the previous week on Lake Como. Nonetheless, he held up well and neither the excessive vibrations of his car at the end of the race, nor its propoising nor a disagreeable fuel leak into his cockpit altered his conviction that on the day he was the best.

ly within the team. With Alain, it was simply impossible. I did everything I could to keep things amicable, but finally you have to put personal problems aside. I am far too interested in driving and too passionate about the constant growth of new technology in the sport to worry about a fellow driver''.

Well said. How about Patrick Tambay, then, whom he would be joining at Ferrari? It was, after all, an old rivalry. The two men were natural opposites: the affable, handsome and rich enough Tambay and the cocky, prickly, ungainly and not-so-rich Arnoux. It had got to the point that when all the French drivers some years ago had been asked to comment on each other, Tambay had put after Arnoux's name, ''no comment''. Now, René thought, it would be different. *''In the first place, I've grown up quite a bit since then. Formula One makes you grow up fast. Of course, you don't go out on the track except to compete, so I don't think that's going to change''.*

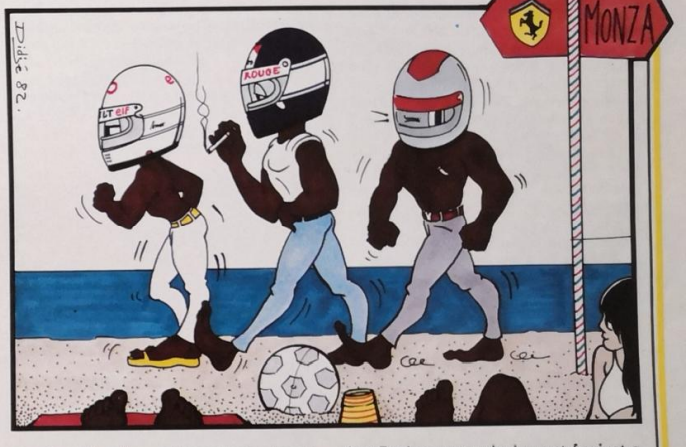
under my seat and I think I've burned my arse''.

Any doubts during the race? *''Well, we worked out the fuel consumption pretty carefully in the morning, but I know I was worried about that at the end. Happily, the engine never cut on me.''*

Ask a man what it feels like to win and you always get the same answer: it feels good. What made it special for René was *''to win in front of that fantastic Italian public and to know that I'm going to be driving for Ferrari. They're a great public and they love and know the sport.''*

Any last thoughts about Alain Prost and his fate? *''I'm still a Renault driver to the end of the year and I think I gave them a nice goodbye present. If Alain had been behind me I don't frankly know what I would have done. You never do know in Formula One. Look what happened at Dijon five laps from the end! I told Larrousse I would drive as good a race for the team as possible''.*

It is improbable that Arnoux was sparing much thought for those behind him,



As for friendly get-togethers, there wasn't that much chance for that this weekend. Each to his own affairs. But René wanted to make the point that in the Commendatore's words — make of them what you will, considering the experiences of some — *''to join Ferrari is to join a big family''.*

A big family, but another family. For Sunday, he still belonged to Renault. A flying first lap put him in command and from then on he never looked back. Metaphorically, that is. In fact, he had more than his share of troubles.

''From the tenth lap onwards ''(at which point he was well clear of Tambay but must have known Prost was coming up), *''the handling went right off. I don't know what it was, but it could have been a shock absorber. The skirt was certainly badly worn. I know I got really badly sideways on one lap, but I managed to keep the car under control .*

''Then after about twenty laps I began to get a nasty petrol leak. It seeped in

but Rosberg was playing not for just a race but for the championship. As a beet-red Rosberg said afterwards:*''Of all the bad things that could have happened, I suppose this has to be the least bad.''*. Prost didn't finish: that's what Keke meant.

It was a paradox for almost everyone, the Monza Grand Prix: Ferrari beaten at home but by a driver about to become their own. A championship almost but not quite sewn up because Watson scored three points. One that Rosberg could have scored a point in but didn't. Nowhere was the paradox more evident than in René's face at the end of the race. To break through the fans pouring onto the track, to be surrounded and hustled by police and pushed and shoved hither and yon. As he said to his mother in the motor-home where they were (where everybody was) packed in like lice in a convict's hair, *''oh-la-la!''*

And as he admitted ruefully when she had gone, *''surviving after the race is even harder than surviving the race!''.*

PRACTICE

There was incredible chaos at the Parco di Monza for the first practice day on Friday. Stimulated by the prospect of seeing two Ferraris in action and perhaps challenged by the new Alfa Romeo turbo, and undergoing the weather change from normal citizens into rabid *tifosi* wrought by the torrid sunshine, Italians came by their tens of thousands to live the excitement of Formula One. Consequently, the access roads were totally jammed from dawn and the last few hundred yards were the hardest, to the extent that a good many members of the F1 circus only just made it for the first session.

The first disappointment was that only the three atmospheric Alfa Romeos were present, but then, walking through the paddock, there were plenty of other things to excite the fans. The return of **Tambay**, whose "spine injury" turned out to be a badly spasmed muscle, and of Andretti, whose last Grand Prix was at Long Beach where he drove the second Williams; the magnificent new Toleman-Hart turbo; the smart new livery of the Tyrrells in British Racing Green for this event with Demin sponsorship; the goodwill of Michelin which finally agreed, after intensive courting, to equip John McDonald's March team; the take-over by **Baldi** of the lone A5 Arrows, as announced at Dijon; and the efforts of Theodore, which equipped one of its cars with rising-rate front suspension close to that of Brabham.

After the first 90 minute practice session, **Piquet** had the fastest time ahead of **de Cesaris, Prost, Tambay** who tried both a new chassis with the longitudinal gearbox and the Dijon chassis with a transverse box, **Patrese, de Angelis, Arnoux, Jarier** in fine form, **Lauda, Andretti** handicapped by transmission trouble, and **Giacomelli**. On the incident sheet,

Cheever had to use the spare car after the gearbox on his usual Talbot-Ligier broke, **Daly** had a slight "off", damaging his sidepods, **Winkelhock** and **Alboreto** were stopped by clutch failures, and **Salazar** went off at the end of the straight because of serious porpoising, destroying his left front suspension.

The one-hour first timed session in the afternoon was run in torrid heat for the hard-working drivers and mechanics : more than 90 degrees. After five minutes, **Tambay** at the wheel of his "transverse" Ferrari proved that he was completely recovered : after three laps he clocked a 1'29"275 at an average of 139.115 mph, a time which no one got near. After the first set of tyres had been used, **Tambay** was followed by **Piquet**, 1'29"743 (6th lap), **Prost** 1'30"448 (7th lap), **Arnoux** 1'30"520 (3rd lap), **Patrese** 1'30"938 (5th lap), **Andretti** 1'31"474 (7th lap), **Rosberg** 1'32"540 (5th lap) and **de Cesaris** 1'32"546 (4th lap). But Rosberg was unable to try for a better time. The engine on his "qualifying" car blew, and when he tried the spare, he had an incident which could have been very serious. As he went into the fast Ascari curve, the circuit-breaker popped, setting off the fire extinguisher. Almost blind, Keke managed to steer his Williams into the sand

alongside the track without any damage except to his nerves.

Surprisingly, few of the top drivers managed to improve their times on their second set of tyres. The Brabhams, with 1'29"709 for **Piquet** and 1'30"818 for **Patrese** made marginal progress, **Jarier** in the astonishingly improved Osella and **Alboreto** in the green Tyrrell, with 1'33"531 and 1'33"553, managed to get into the top ten, but that was all. Moreover, **Tambay**, who might have expected to improve his time, had his motor blow in a splendid cloud of smoke. **Lauda**, only 11th, complained of lack of straightline speed and **Watson**, back in 19th, of dreadful lack of grip. **Cheever**, 15th, and **Laffite**, 18th, both qualified in Jacques' car, as it was impossible to repair the transmission failure on Eddie's car from the morning session, and the spare is said to perform poorly. At Lotus, it took four cars for **de Angelis** to set 16th time and **Mansell** 20th, as both used their spares as well as their race cars. Nigel had clutch failure and Elio was lucky to get out unharmed from a violent shunt which badly damaged the right front of his car, the right wheel being ripped off.

A few minutes after the session ended at 2 p.m., **de Cesaris** left Monza for the Alfa test track at Balocco in the suburbs of Milan, where he had to continue work on the Alfa turbo car, expected at Monza Saturday morning.

It was indeed there, and so was the public, more numerous than on Friday and causing more than one disturbance in the paddock under humid, cloudy skies that changed slowly to blazing sunshine. But the Alfa did few laps, running only for some minutes with **de Cesaris** at the wheel before a sidepod broke. In the session, **Tambay** again was fastest ahead of **Piquet, Patrese, Lauda, Watson, Giacomelli, Andretti** and **Jarier**. In the new Toleman, **Warwick** got into the midfield despite changing turbos. It was a disastrous session for Lotus : **Mansell** went off at the first chicane with a bad case of understeer, damaging the front of the chassis but proving its exceptional strength, and **de Angelis** tangled with **Arnoux**, wrecking his left rear suspension and coming to a halt at the second Lesmo. Rene, who was going slowly, and Elio, who was on a quick one, misunderstood each other and

banged wheels violently, to the extent that the Renault's monocoque was slightly crumpled at the front right. The French driver stopped practice and gave the car to the mechanics to sort for the afternoon.

For the final 60 minutes of qualifying it was as hot as the day before and the *tifosi* were hyper-excited. The Alfa Romeo turbo again did a few laps, without really trying, and interest centered on the struggle to come among the Ferrari, Brabham and Renault turbos. **Andretti, Prost, Piquet, Giacomelli** and **Lauda** substantially improved their times with their first set of tyres, and when the time came to try with the second set, the pole time was under severe pressure, not least from **Tambay** himself. Patrick was the first to beat his Friday time with a 1'28"830, followed by a determined **Piquet** who took over with 1'28"508. But more was to come, because **Andretti** suddenly sounded the charge and put up a 1'28"473, an average speed of 146.646 mph. That was the decider, even though **Patrese** and **Arnoux**, the latter having changed a turbo, had improved. **Rosberg** with the seventh time overall again brilliantly led his "class" of atmospheric engines

ahead of the Alfas, where **de Cesaris** had not improved on Friday, occupied as he was by switching between his regular car and testing the turbo 182T. **Jarier, Surer** and **Mansell** also failed to improve on Friday times.

Despite Michelin's help, the two Marchs were non-qualifiers, like **Byrne** in the Theodore and **Winkelhock** in the ATS, who was furious at the end of the session. He had to share his own car with **Salazar** and considered the Chilean, who qualified, was given an unfair share of the time. **Laffite**, who set 17th time in this session, was among those who had his car weighed, along with the two Brabhams, **Andretti's** Ferrari and **Surer's** Arrows. Unluckily for him, his Talbot-Ligier scaled only 574 kilos and his time of 1'34"029 was struck out. It left him with Friday's 1'34"659 and 21st position on the grid.

Didier Braillon

THE RACE

The little man — destined for Ferrari and cheered on by the fiercely partisan crowd — made it to the end.

With Brabhams failing, Rosberg losing his rear wing and Prost challenging, the championship battle briefly flickered to life, but in the end, it was Watson, finishing fourth, who kept our doubts about Keke's championship up front. Now it's all down to Las Vegas.

1. On the first lap, two seperate accidents involved four cars. At the first chicane, Guerrero (14) ran into the back of Daly (5). The Williams driver retired with a broken rear wishbone, but after a long pit stop, Guerrero later rejoined. Further round, Warwick and Henton were both eliminated when they tangled. (B. Asset).

2. Arnoux made a superb start, and at the end of the first lap, took the lead which he held to the end. Both Brabham-BMWs were well-placed, but soon dropped back to retire. Patrese quit on the seventh lap, and Piquet, who had started in the spare car, stopped a lap later. Both drivers were sidelined by clutch trouble. (DPPI)

5. Andretti's good fortune was Prost's misfortune. The Frenchman pitted with an injection problem on the 27th lap after the engine had cut out. When he restarted, he did only a few hundred yards before the engine cut out again, pouring flame from the exhaust. With it went his championship hopes. (B. Asset).

6. Tambay had made an excellent recovery from his Dijon back trouble, and put himself firmly on the rostrum with second place. He inherited this position when Patrese dropped back on the sixth lap, and was only mildly challenged by Prost before his compatriot retired. (B. Asset).

3. On the 24th lap, Rosberg was seventh when suddenly his rear wing flew off in front of the pits. He managed to get through the first chicane, but then suspected that he might have a puncture and pitted. The mechanics fitted a new wing and Keke rejoined in 11th place, eventually finishing eighth. (B. Asset).

4. Andretti started from pole position, but almost immediately found himself with a sticking throttle. He dropped back and was demoted to fourth and last of the turbos when Prost overtook him on the seventh lap. But the Frenchman later retired, allowing Andretti onto the rostrum. (B. Asset).

7. John Watson drove a good race, overtaking Lauda, Prost and Alboreto at the start, and later getting by both Rosberg and Giacomelli. From then on, there was little he could do but draw away from the Alfa driver, and finish a good fourth. The three points kept his championship hopes alive. (B. Asset).

8. Arnoux, Tambay and Andretti were the winning turbo trio, welcomed by a huge Monza crowd whose adulation is unique. They had no inhibitions about cheering Arnoux who had beaten the Ferrari drivers, for he had won his spurs and would be a worthy member of their beloved Scuderia next year. (B. Asset).

Much expectation, a surprising —at least to some— result, a grave disappointment and a triumph that came like a triple crown to Ferrari: such was the 53rd version of the Italian Grand Prix at Monza.

Despite the fears of many, given the trouble in previous years at the chicane at the end of the start straight, the race began cleanly. Mario Andretti, who had literally stolen pole position on Saturday, was not able to take advantage of his exploit; his accelerator was sticky and it was Piquet who headed the contenders into the tight little chicane in his spare, a misfiring problem on his race car having forced him to swop. That was to be but a part of a disastrous week-end for the Brabhams —yet another— and it took Nelson no time at all to find out he had serious problems with his clutch. By the end of the first lap, he was already lying fifth: first Arnoux and then Tambay went past him with ease, so that René Arnoux had, by the end of the first lap, already taken up the front position he was not once to abandon throughout the hot and sticky day. The heat, the car and its tyres were certainly to take their toll on the man, but for once the Renault held together to the end. No cakewalk, perhaps, nor a race without incident and doubt, but certainly a convincing victory.

It was soon clear that if there was a challenge to come to Arnoux's lead, the one who was going to try the hardest was Riccardo Patrese. For a while he held the fastest lap and was at least keeping in touch with the hornet-coloured leader. But his challenge, too, was not to last long: an identical problem with a slipping clutch dropped him back after five laps into fifth and on lap six, he followed Piquet into unhappy retirement.

For once, however, this being Monza, the ritual refueling dance was not what occupied either the expectations or the attention of the crowd. As might be expected, their eyes were firmly fixed on the two Ferraris: with some justification, for when the two Brabhams fell out in disarray, they lay second and third. True, they were already some 8 seconds behind Arnoux, but who knew if Arnoux would last! If for the local crowd, fiercely partisan as ever, the interest lay in the three *Ferraristi* up front —Arnoux as Villeneuve's heir-apparent for next year, Tambay and then Andretti, the latter in a striking walk-on part— the real struggle in the race lay between two cars in more modest positions: between Alain Prost who had by then worked his way up to fifth place, and Keke Rosberg who had finished the opening lap in seventh and been overtaken by Prost on the next.

That, after all, was the scenario of the championship that was being played out. From a Renault point of view it called for Prost to win and Keke to finish well back. At that moment, who had eyes for John Watson, who lay ninth or Niki Lauda, two places behind them? They were putative championship contenders too, but it was Prost and Rosberg we were watching.

By lap 10, Prost had worked his way past Andretti, still having accelerator trouble (it was to bug him to the end) and lay third, behind Arnoux and Tambay, with the latter driving the sort of discreet race that made it seem he expected to inherit his kingdom rather than conquer it. Prost's progression had not been entirely smooth however: he had already gone sideways at the chicane while being held up by Andretti. When he caught up with Tambay, he had another problem and, unable to get by, he too settled into a waiting game. Arnoux was then well out of his sights.

But it was behind him that the real drama took place. Apart from opening lap clashes between Warwick and Henton, Daly and Guerrero, from which only the latter, after minor repairs, was able to rejoin the race, not very much had gone wrong. But when Rosberg came up to Giacomelli —the gap between them had been closing for some time and to be champion, Rosberg after all needed to finish with only a single point— his rear wing worked its way loose. It was plainly visible to all that Keke was fighting his steering. At the rate of knots Rosberg was going, it not only looked to be a hard drive but an unsafe one. Suddenly, on lap 24, the rear wing flew off and shot up in the air, Keke was forced into the pits, where he lost something over a half-lap, and Prost's chances of at least postponing the fatal decision until Las Vegas looked rosy. Joy at Renault, depression at Williams.

Like most emotions in Formula One, it was not to last long. Almost at once, Prost's fuel injection went on the blink, as mysteriously as ever, and he duly retired, disgusted and resentful, on lap 27. Apprehension then for Arnoux. Would he suffer the same fate?

In the end, no: he had a cockpit invaded by fuel, he had, especially in the last few laps, terrible vibrations, he was exhausted, but he held out.

Apart from the relatively tranquil races enjoyed by Tambay and Andretti, neither of whom was in a position to attack Arnoux, the significant aspects of the race included yet another fine and stable performance by the much sought-after Michele Alboreto and a commendable drive by Cheever.

Whatever the reasons for inheriting places during a race, the points still count and the achievement is not to be belittled. Eventually, the great inheritor was John Watson. He slowly eased his way up to fourth, his car working extremely well, and managed to take the three vital points that kept his title hopes in some flickering semblance of hope.

While Mario finished behind Tambay to score his first points in a year and his best result in several, and while Alboreto took fifth and Cheever sixth behind Watson, Rosberg could not get into the points at all: nothing had gone wrong for several races and just when he needed a trouble-free race, a wing went. Thus the stage is set for Vegas where, for Watson to be champion, he must win and Keke fail utterly. A tall order, on both counts.

KEITH BOTSFORD

Monza statistics

ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

Date : Sept. 12, 1982
Circuit : Monza
Length : 3.604 miles
Distance : 187.4 miles
Weather : fine and hot
Crowd : more than 200,000

PREVIOUS WINNERS

(last five races)

1977 : Andretti (JPS/Lotus)
1978 : Lauda (Brabham BT 46)
1979 : Scheckter (Ferrari 312T)
1980 : Piquet (Brabham BT49)
1981 : Prost (Renault)

STARTING GRID

ANDRETTI
Ferrari 126C2
1'28"473
TAMBAY
Ferrari 126C2
1'28"830
PROST
Renault RE30B
1'30"026
ROSBERG
Williams FW08
1'31"834
DE CESARIS
Alfa Romeo 182
1'32"546
ALBORETO
Tyrrell 011
1'33"134
DALY
Williams FW08
1'33"333
JARIER
Osella FA1D
1'33"531
DE ANGELIS
Lotus 91
1'33"629
SURER
Arrows A4
1'34"343
LAFFITE
Talbot-Ligier JS19
1'34"659
MANSELL
Lotus 91
1'34"964
SALAZAR
ATS HGS1
1'34"991

PIQUET
Brabham-BMW BT50
1'28"508
PATRESE
Brabham-BMW BT50
1'29"898
ARNOUX
Renault RE30B
1'30"097
GIACOMELLI
Alfa Romeo 182
1'32"352
LAUDA
McLaren MP4/1B
1'32"782
WATSON
McLaren MP4/1B
1'33"195
CHEEVER
Talbot-Ligier JS19
1'33"377
WARWICK
Toleman-Hart TG183
1'33"628
GUERRERO
Ensign N181
1'34"058
HENTON
Tyrrell 011
1'34"379
FABI
Toleman-Hart TG181C
1'34"780
BALDI
Arrows A5
1'34"977
SERRA
Fittipaldi F9
1'35"230

Not qualified :

KEEGAN (March 821) 1'35"323 - **WINKELHOCK** (ATS HGS1) 1'35"701 - **BOESEL** (March 821) 1'35"747 - **BYRNE** (Theodore TY02) 1'36"032.

DRIVERS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

(After South Africa, Brazil, USA West, San Marino, Belgium, Monaco, Detroit, Canada, Holland, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy)

1. ROSBERG	2	—	6	—	6	—	3	—	4	—	2	4	6	9	—	42
2. PIRONI	—	1	—	9	—	6	4	—	9	6	4	—	—	—	—	39
3. WATSON	1	6	1	—	9	—	9	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	33
4. PROST	9	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	6	—	—	6	—	31
5. LAUDA	3	—	9	—	—	—	—	—	3	9	—	—	2	4	—	30
6. ARNOUX	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9	6	—	—	9	28
7. TAMBAY	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	3	—	9	3	—	6	25
8. DE ANGELIS	—	—	2	—	3	2	—	3	—	—	3	—	—	9	1	—	23
9. PATRESE	—	—	4	—	—	9	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	21
10. PIQUET	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	9	6	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	20
11. ALBORETO	—	3	3	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	3	—	—	—	2	16
12. CHEEVER	—	—	—	—	4	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	11
13. MANSELL	—	4	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7
DALY	—	—	—	—	—	1	21	—	2	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	7
15. VILLENEUVE	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
REUTEMANN	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
17. DE CESARIS	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5
LAFFITE	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	5
19. ANDRETTI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4		4
20. JARIER	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		3
SURER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	1	—	—	—		3
22. SALAZAR	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		2
WINKELHOCK	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	1	—	—		2
BALDI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—		2
GIACOMELLI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		1
26. SERRA	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		1

RESULT

1. **ARNOUX** (Renault RE30B), 52 laps, 187.40 miles in 1h22'25"734, average 136.39 mph
2. **TAMBAY** — Ferrari 126C2 — 14"064 behind
3. **ANDRETTI** — Ferrari 126C2 — 48"452 behind
4. **WATSON** — McLaren MP4/1B — 1'27"845 behind
5. **ALBORETO** — Tyrrell 011 — 1 lap behind
6. **CHEEVER** — Talbot-Ligier JS19 — 1 lap behind
7. **MANSELL** — Lotus 91 — 1 lap behind
8. **ROSBERG** — Williams FW08 — 2 laps behind
9. **SALAZAR** — ATS HGS1 — 2 laps behind
10. **DE CESARIS** — Alfa Romeo 182 — 2 laps behind
11. **SERRA** — Fittipaldi F9 — 3 laps behind
12. **BALDI** — Arrows A5 — 3 laps behind

CONSTRUCTORS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

1. Ferrari 74pts - **2**. McLaren 63pts - **3**. Renault 59pts - **4**. Williams 55pts - **5**. Brabham 41pts - **6**. Lotus 30pts - **7**. Talbot, Tyrrell 16pts - **9**. Alfa 7pts - **10**. Arrows 5pts - **11**. ATS 4pts - **12**. Osella 3pts - **13**. Fittipaldi 1pt.

OFFICIAL QUALIFYING TIMES

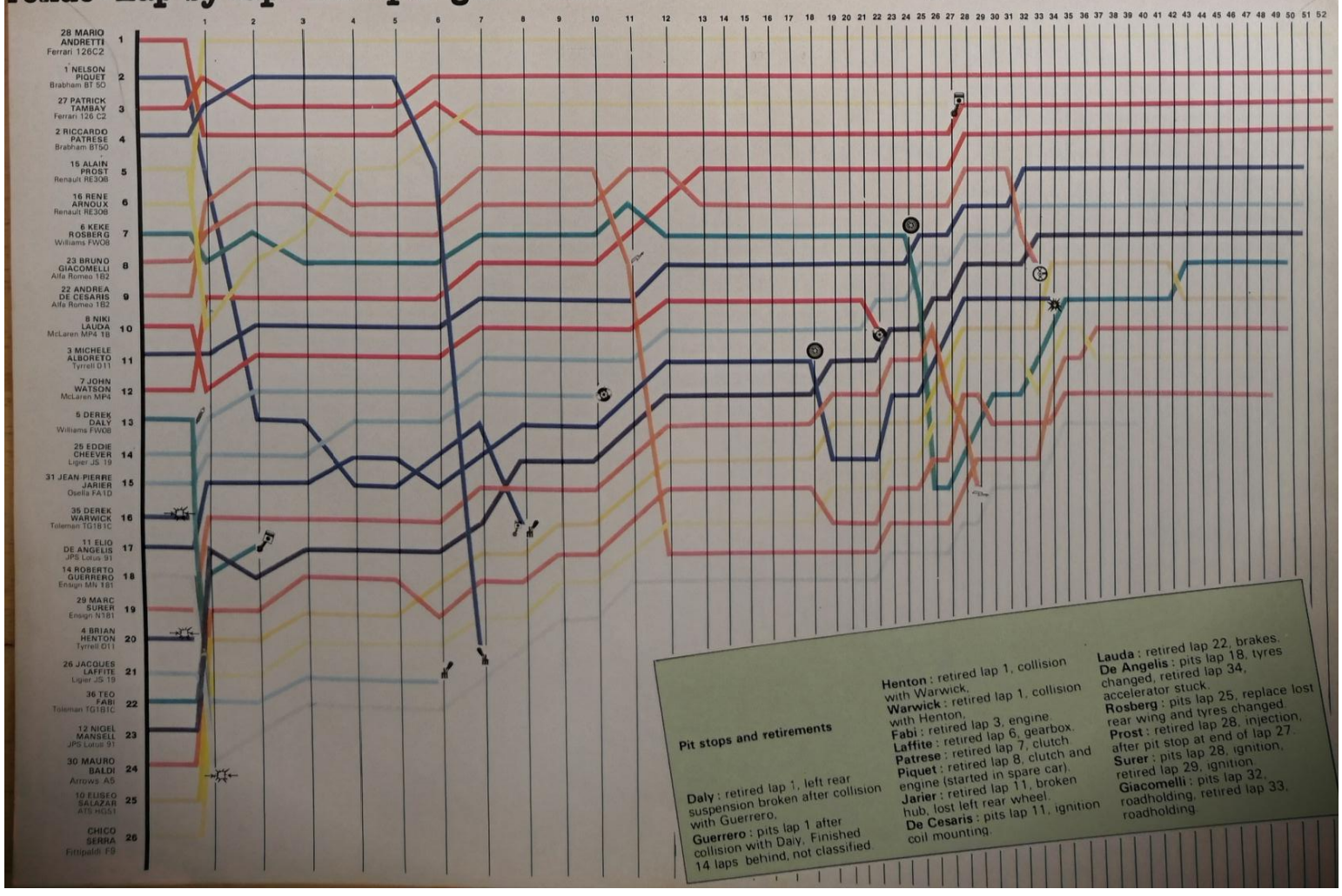
	Untimed practice 1	Timed practice 1	Untimed practice 2	Timed practice 2	Maximum speed (mph)
ANDRETTI	1'33"754	1'31"474	1'33"902	**1'28"473**	312,650
PIQUET	1'31"574	1'29"709	1'32"215	**1'28"508**	312,328
TAMBAY	1'32"530	1'29"275	1'31"176	**1'28"830**	302,654
PATRESE	1'32"746	1'30"818	1'32"362	**1'29"898**	306,726
PROST	1'32"417	1'30"488	1'34"304	**1'30"026**	301,321
ARNOUX	1'33"116	1'30"520	1'35"816	**1'30"097**	297,391
ROSBERG	1'35"570	1'32"340	1'35"550	**1'31"834**	280,327
GIACOMELLI	1'33"940	1'33"703	1'33"712	**1'32"352**	277,484
DE CESARIS	1'32"288	**1'32"546**	1'35"220	1'32"616	274,698
LAUDA	1'33"677	1'33"571	1'32"532	**1'32"782**	276,923
ALBORETO	1'36"805	1'33"553	1'36"299	**1'33"134**	279,754
WATSON	1'33"966	1'34"725	1'33"506	**1'33"195**	278,048
DALY	1'36"747	1'33"887	1'36"355	**1'33"333**	276,363
CHEEVER	1'34"673	1'34"357	1'34"183	**1'33"377**	275,806
JARIER	1'33"185	**1'33"531**	1'33"948	1'34"103	271,428
WARWICK	1'36"588	1'34"581	1'34"856	**1'33"628**	279,754
DE ANGELIS	1'32"781	1'34"429	1'34"048	**1'33"629**	276,363
GUERRERO	1'36"962	1'35"593	1'34"758	**1'34"058**	273,600
SURER	1'34"586	**1'34"343**	1'38"831	1'36"352	271,968
HENTON	1'36"044	1'35"640	1'34"417	**1'34"379**	272,509
LAFFITE	1'35"032	1'34"659	1'33"990	—	274,148
FABI	1'39"054	1'37"693	1'36"477	**1'34"780**	283.817
MANSELL	1'33"988	**1'34"964**	1'36"507	1'35"106	276,363
BALDI	1'36"015	1'36"004	1'35"518	**1'34"977**	270,891
SALAZAR	1'46"473	1'37"248	1'36"144	**1'34"991**	268,762
SERRA	1'38"209	1'35"854	1'35"461	**1'35"230**	271,420
KEEGAN	1'38"095	1'37"370	1'35"664	**1'35"323**	271,420
WINKELHOCK	1'37"371	1'36"044	1'36"933	**1'35"701**	269,291
BOESEL	1'37"616	1'36"811	1'35"040	**1'35"747**	268,235
BYRNE	1'37"724	1'37"002	1'35"615	**1'36"032**	272.509

Note : Laffite's time of Saturday afternoon (1'34"029) was disallowed because his car weighed 574 kilos instead of the minimum 580 kilos. The maximum speeds in the right-hand column were measured at the end of the pit straight on Saturday afternoon.

THEIR FASTEST RACE LAPS

	Time	Lap n°
ARNOUX	1'33"619	25
PROST	1'33"842	22
TAMBAY	1'33"949	35
PATRESE	1'34"007	3
ANDRETTI	1'34"122	37
ROSBERG	1'34"813	42
DE CESARIS	1'35"291	39
WATSON	1'35"569	37
GUERRERO	1'35"615	34
MANSELL	1'36"155	39
GIACOMELLI	1'36"201	27
ALBORETO	1'36"300	40
LAUDA	1'36"548	16
PIQUET	1'36"763	6
CHEEVER	1'36"841	35
JARIER	1'37"346	6
DE ANGELIS	1'37"516	9
SALAZAR	1'37"597	47
SURER	1'39"105	6
BALDI	1'39"827	44
SERRA	1'39"887	25
LAFFITE	1'40"050	5
FABI	1'48"578	2

ronde - Lap by lap - Giro per giro - Runde um runde - Tour par tour - Vuelta a vuelta


1 28 MARIO ANDRETTI Ferrari 126C2
2 1 NELSON PIQUET Brabham BT 50
3 27 PATRICK TAMBAY Ferrari 126 C2
4 2 RICCARDO PATRESE Brabham BT50
5 15 ALAIN PROST Renault RE30B
6 16 RENE ARNOUX Renault RE30B
7 6 KEKE ROSBERG Williams FW08
8 23 BRUNO GIACOMELLI Alfa Romeo 182
9 22 ANDREA DE CESARIS Alfa Romeo 182
10 8 NIKI LAUDA McLaren MP4 1B
11 3 MICHELE ALBORETO Tyrrell 011
12 7 JOHN WATSON McLaren MP4
13 5 DEREK DALY Williams FW08
14 25 EDDIE CHEEVER Ligier JS 19
15 31 JEAN-PIERRE JARIER Osella FA1D
16 35 DEREK WARWICK Toleman TG181C
17 11 ELIO DE ANGELIS JPS Lotus 91
18 14 ROBERTO GUERRERO Ensign MN 181
19 29 MARC SURER Ensign N181
20 4 BRIAN HENTON Tyrrell 011
21 26 JACQUES LAFFITE Ligier JS 19
22 36 TEO FABI Toleman TG181C
23 12 NIGEL MANSELL JPS Lotus 91
24 30 MAURO BALDI Arrows A5
25 10 ELISEO SALAZAR ATS HGS1
26 CHICO SERRA Fittipaldi F9

Pit stops and retirements

Daly : retired lap 1, left rear suspension broken after collision with Guerrero.
Guerrero : pits lap 1 after collision with Daly. Finished 14 laps behind, not classified.
Henton : retired lap 1, collision with Warwick.
Warwick : retired lap 1, collision with Henton.
Fabi : retired lap 3, engine.
Laffite : retired lap 6, gearbox.
Patrese : retired lap 7, clutch.
Piquet : retired lap 8, clutch and engine (started in spare car).
Jarier : retired lap 11, broken hub, lost left rear wheel.
De Cesaris : pits lap 11, ignition coil mounting.
Lauda : retired lap 22, brakes.
De Angelis : pits lap 18, tyres changed, retired lap 34, accelerator stuck.
Rosberg : pits lap 25, replace lost rear wing and tyres changed.
Prost : retired lap 28, injection, after pit stop at end of lap 27.
Surer : pits lap 28, ignition, retired lap 29, ignition.
Giacomelli : pits lap 32, roadholding, retired lap 33, roadholding.

MADNESS AT MONZA

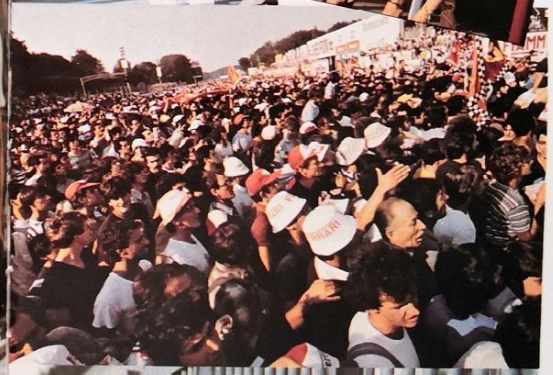
THE crowd at Monza has always been something special: Ferrari-mad, Italian to the roots of its hair, flag-waving, desperate, enthusiastic, passionate... Everything you would expect. It somes in all sizes and shapes: fathers, mothers, children, maniacs, pickpockets, illegal immigrants, property speculators—where else would you be selling a foot's worth of board in a tree for $20?—and cuts across every section of Italian life.

It is largely a traditional crowd. It respects the old idols, and adopts new ones only when they fit into the old patterns. Thus the youths who hung up banners for Jody or Niki then hung them up for Gilles and Didier and now hang them up for Patrick and Mario... and for René Arnoux, who just happened to win their race for them: as though he already belonged to Ferrari.

Their access to and knowledge of the track is total. The track is divided into 'zones' which belong to one or another clan of the old-timers. Ribbons delineate no-go areas for poachers; automobiles and motorcycles cut off whole sections of the track from all but the commando-trained pedestrians.

Gilles is their God. He was the one, they think, who was most in touch with their inner needs and desires. He was brave, he was generous, he was different, he wasn't a man with a briefcase, he risked his life. Every myth has its martyrs and Gilles is theirs, a martyr to the Ferrari myth.

If that displays mental invention, it is a nothing compared to the physical ingenuity →



that is shown in fixing up a place to watch the race. For there are ladders, scaffolding, tree-houses, perches on fences; there are benches, there are folding chairs; there are cranes, excavators, the roofs of cars and caravans; there are other people's shoulders... and even, for some, a regularly purchased seat in the stands.

But for everyone in the stands, there is another in the woods. It is not that the police with their dogs do not try to hunt them down; it is that ingenuity outdoes even the best policing. In three days it was possible to see: forged FOCA passes, worn-out arm-bands that might once have belonged to long-defunct auto clubs, passes that were passed backward and forward across fences. But above all, it was possible to see the 'network' operating. This is a matter of who you know and how you can persuade. The maximum ingenuity is used in getting access to the paddock.

The crowd flows through unchecked, unstoppable. There is no obstacle that is insurmontable. Your friend inside has your ticket; you can slip by when a friend gets the guard's attention. The Monza crowd knows what it wants and gets it. Splendidly mad. □

THE ART OF SPLITTING SECONDS

On the Tuesday before each Grand Prix, two red vans with Longines on their sides set out from the little mountain town of St. Imier in Switzerland's Jura. Inside the vans are one and a half tons of equipment, packed in heavy metal boxes, worth some £100,000. The equipment is accompanied by a team of six technicians.

Simultaneously, an Iveco van carrying four computers and a staff of three sets out from Olivetti's timing base in Turin, to rendezvous with the Longines vehicles at whichever track is host to the next Grand Prix.

The two teams will carry out one of the most precise yet costly operations in Grand Prix racing, because timing to thousandths of a second requires the same precision as placing a 180mph Grand Prix car in a fast corner, or building a 600 bhp engine. The total cost of the operation per year is around £700,000, but the companies do it free. Like sponsors, they appreciate the publicity of being associated with one of the most technically sophisticated yet fastest sports in the world.

by Bob Constanduros

TIMING any sport is demanding, not only because of the accuracy required, but also because of the competition. Whether the sport is athletics, rowing, skiing, horse racing or even wrestling or orienteering, competition on the field of play is intensive. Competitors expect as high a standard of timing as they expect of their own performance. Equally, one timing company closely watches another for any possible errors. They are as precise in their competition as they are in their timing. The current system used in Grand Prix racing is exclusively Longines-Olivetti. The two companies signed a timing contact with FISA and FOCA at the beginning of this year. Caspar Arnet, the overall manager of the Longines motor racing operation, negociated the contact and it runs to the end of the current Concorde Agreement at the end of 1984. Arnet was formerly involved with Heuer but moved to rivals Longines early in 1980. Since then, he has been responsible for the rapid establishment of Longines as *the* timing company.

It is an expensive business but one which the company considers worthwhile. They make watches, the Longines Style. There are some 400 different models, 80 per cent of them Quartz. They cost from around £60 to as much as £15,000, and the company sells nearly half a million units per year. Unlike some watch manufacturers, they make the case and movement themselves, while the dial, hands and bracelets plus gold cases are made outside the factory. About 750 people are employed at St. Imier where they work in spotlessly clean surroundings and with extraordinary precision.

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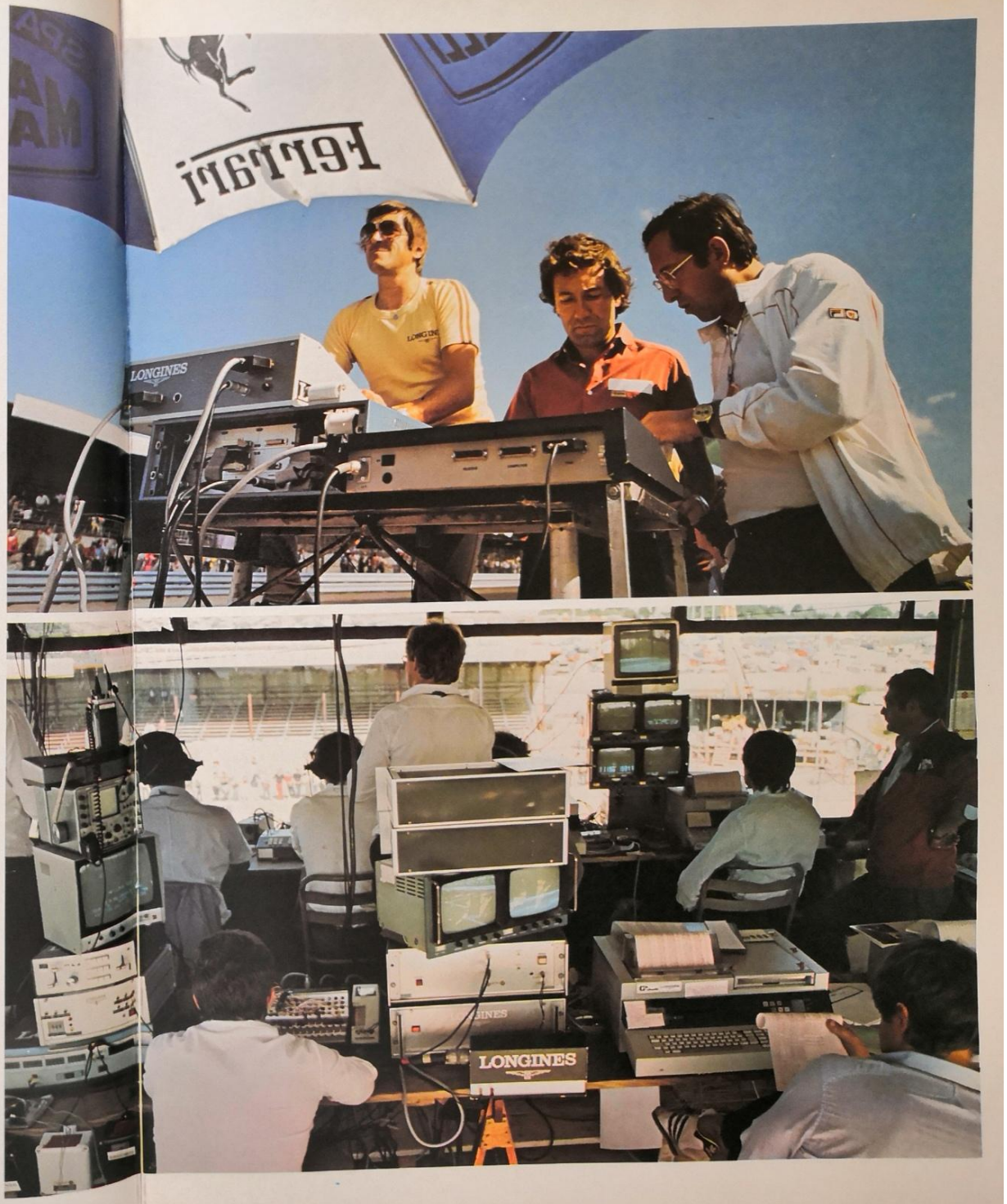


The timing of Formula One cars has become a high technology operation in recent years. On the pit wall, one rank of timers are in operation as, here, for Ferrari, where Jean Campiche, Dario Calzavera and Mauro Forghieri watch the times of their drivers and the closest rivals, while in the well-named "timing tower", everyone is being clocked down to the thousandth of a second.

No doubt these regular employees regard the 60-strong Longines Electronic Timing department with some curiosity. Around 35 members of the staff are permanently dashing around the world to various sporting events. In 1981, the staff timed a total of 373 different events in 17 different sports. The company's services were paid for in every case except for Grand Prix racing. After each race, the motor racing men return to St. Imier to service their own equipment before their next sporting fixture. The other 25 members of the Electronic Timing staff manufacture complicated electronic timing equipment which is either operated by their own colleagues, leased out or sold. They make anything from the TL 3000 with built-in microprocessor and print-out to vast electronic scoreboards with instant read-out. The turnover of the whole department in 1981 was in the region of £ 2.5 million. Without doubt, Longines' investment in GP racing is considerable. Apart from the complicated timing gear, there are some 50 monitors (miniature TV screens) at each race which give timings almost the instant a car crosses the start/finish line. Each team has its own for the season, but more have to be installed in the press office, FISA's office, that of the clerk of the course, the commentary box, one for the national radio reporter (although every radio commentator now wants one) and there's one for every TV commentator. And this costs the circuit and those who use the facilities absolutely nothing.

Longines' involvment goes further than that. The company replaced Heuer in equipping Ferrari's test track at Fiorano as well as supplying Ferrari's timing equipment at circuits. But Longines have made good use of the association by marketing the Ferrari quartz watch - it's a best seller. Longines France also equip the Renault team.

When Longines, under chief technician Pierre Regli, and Olivetti, supervised by Guido Rosani, meet up on Wednesday, they unload their respective vehicles and set up the equipment in the timing area overlooking the start/finish line. There are around two miles of cable to be connected up and attached to equipment and monitors. Meanwhile Olivetti will be programming their computers with the cars and drivers of the supporting races. Only changes to the regular Grand Prix scene need be made, the rest are already entered on the computers. Test programmes are then run, and Thursday is set aside for trouble-shooting and the special demands that inevitably arise for more monitors.

There are two separate timing systems. The first, and definitive method, is by light beam across the track. When it is broken, it means a car has passed. If two cars pass, one slightly in front of the other, the Olivetti computer separates them and gives them individual times. These come up on a TL 80 electronic timer and printer.

The second system involves transmitters that are placed in each car. The vital part is a wire taped to the inside of the front wishbone on each car, but this is connected to the little battery-powered transmitter. Each car has a different frequency. There are a total of 40 frequencies to take into account spare cars and they operate between 2 and 3.6 Megahertz.

The signal they give is transmitted to a metallic tape across the start/finish line directly connected to one of Olivetti's computers. Because each car has a different frequency, its time is automatically linked to its number. This is not the case with the photo cell. Consequently, one man calls out the number of each car as it passes the start/finish line. What he says is put on tape, but also copied by another of the Longines staff. A third writes the car's number beside its print-out time, and a fourth feeds the car's coded number into a computer which registers to whom the time belongs.

This photo-cell computer then compares it to the time already received by the other computer dealing with the transmitted times. Providing there is less than one hundredth of a second difference (and there is rarely more than two thousandths of a second difference), this is then accepted. This accounts for the six second delay between a car crossing the line, and its time being given. A third computer then transmits it to the monitors giving the number of the car and its driver, its position, its time to a thousandth of a second, its best lap and the number of laps completed. Each time a driver improves, a star appears beside his name. As one can imagine, the activity in the time keeping box is hectic but it is a well-practised art. Once practice is finished, Olivetti's computer is able to given an instant read-out of grid positions, the best laps in each session, which lap the time was set, and how many laps each driver completed, as well as the best average speed for each driver.

The race is even more dramatic because the computer man doesn't have time to enter everyone as they pass. Consequently the circuit timekeepers become involved as a check system, while the Longines men take a group of six or seven cars each and these are entered in batches. This accounts for a slight read-out delay during the race. A short lap time such as the 1 m 7 at Dijon means problems because it takes three seconds to enter each code. (Yes, even the computer man is timed !) With 26 cars on the grid, that means a total required time of 78 s which is more than the first car may take to cover the circuit.

Most of the race information is available to the national TV company covering the race. The grid, World Championship order, order every five laps, fastest lap, result and World Championship positions after the event are at the disposal of the TV director.

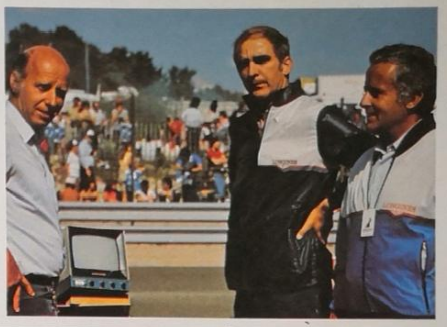
The result of the Austrian Grand Prix recently hit the headlines, in particular because the time gap between the two cars appeared to be too great. Longines finally established this gap at 0.05s by using their patented video unit which has been patiently watching finishes for years without having had the final say. On this occasion, even so, it was forgotten. But Pierre Regli wasn't in attendance and a less experienced technician was in charge, and after two systems had failed to seperate Elio de Angelis and Keke Rosberg, his manually-entered time for Rosberg gave a gap of 0.125s. This might have satisfied most of those present, but the technician didn't reckon with some of motor racing's more eagle-eyed enthusiasts. One of these pointed out that this couldn't have been the gap between the two cars, and the video finally came into its own.

This patented unit has the special facility to shoot at 100 frames per second (your TV transmits at 60 frames per second). Coupled to the video is a timer marking each frame. In slow motion, one could see that de Angelis crossed the start/finish line at 021 and five frames further on, Rosberg crossed the finishing line. And that gave the gap at 0.05s. This system is in regular use on such races at the Tour de France and other cycle events. On these occasions, one long film may be printed with calibrated times. This means that a specific time may be given for each competitor when a whole mass of them cross the line together as they tend to. However, this is rarely used for reasons best known to the cycle men themselves.

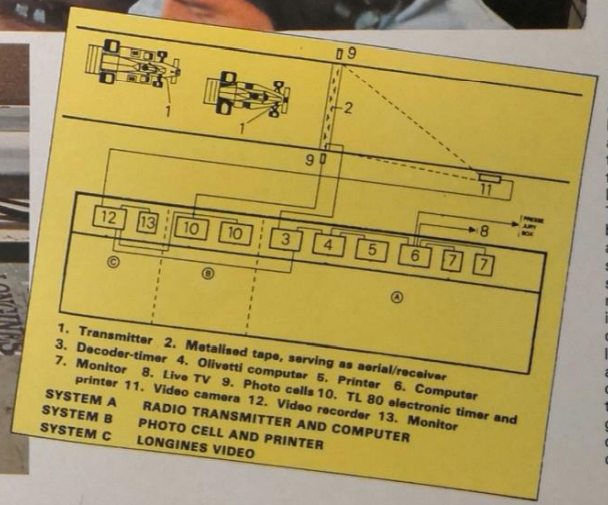
Another Longines product that the motor racing men can be thankful is unsuitable for use at circuits is Longines' "Jumped start" check. This is used in athletics to ensure that competitors don't jump the gun. A competitor can only react a certain timed after the gun has gone off. Less than that time and he is judged to have jumped the start. Imagine how the GP men would react if that device could be used on all cars !

Longines' timing is usually beyond reproach, and few competitors have a bad word to say about it. Just how long Grands Prix are timed by Longines and their results processed by Olivetti remains to be seen. The cost is obviously considerable to both parties, but the TV publicity is valuable. There are rival companies who would willingly take over, and one, claiming to be another watch manufacturer, actually uses Longines equipment.

The watch industry is currently in trouble, although Longines have their heads above water. Some rivals may see their salvation coming from an extensive sport timing programme such as Longines' but it is unlikely that they could improve on the current situation. On the other hand, the Japanese, and particularly Seiko, could be interested in actually paying for the privilege of spending so much money to do the job. As this is the only sport for which Longines get no return, they would be excused for ducking out and saying, "the time has come..." □



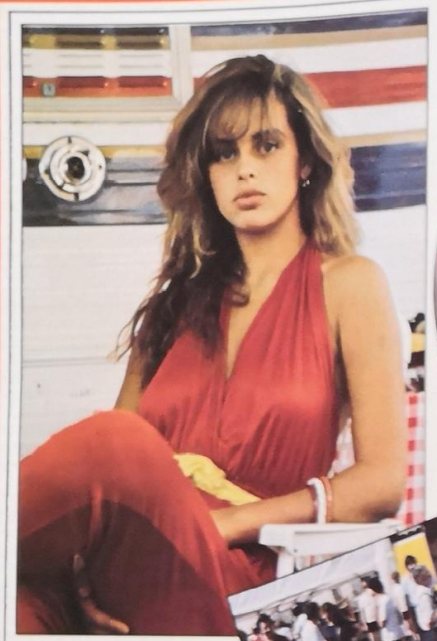
Upper left, the microtransmitter, shown here in the nose of a Renault. Upper right, the times are coming off the printer. Centre, a technician calls car numbers, one of the back-up systems, before they appear on the pit screens moments later. The lower photo shows the timing band on the start/finish line which picks up the signals from the cars, and the general layout.

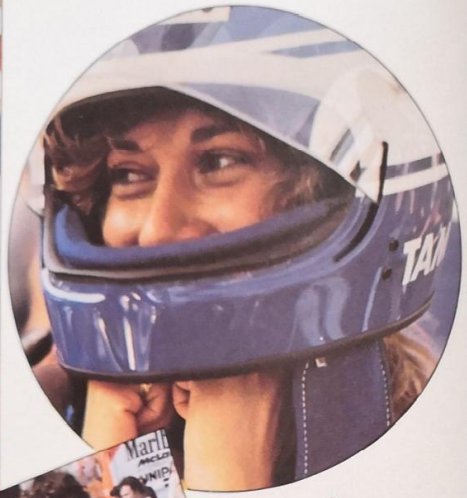


1. Transmitter 2. Metalised tape, serving as aerial/receiver 3. Decoder-timer 4. Olivetti computer 5. Printer 6. Computer 7. Monitor 8. Live TV 9. Photo cells 10. TL 80 electronic timer and printer 11. Video camera 12. Video recorder 13. Monitor

SYSTEM A RADIO TRANSMITTER AND COMPUTER
SYSTEM B PHOTO CELL AND PRINTER
SYSTEM C LONGINES VIDEO

Postcard from Monza





Patrick had been taking the wrong hormones!

Keep your eye on the little birdie!

A quick brush-up Sir?

Nordica had Paid on a binge and Marc Surer was the star.

CAESARS PALACE GRAND PRIX

It's only a short step from the salt crust of Badwater, below sea level in Death Valley where the amazing desert scenery makes you instantly remember how the West was won, to the neon-blazing Las Vegas strip, crammed with luxury and exotic hotel-casinos. A short step —really just a few miles— from the absolutes of the cruel desert sun and its brilliantly starry nights, to the stars' nights on the Strip. (Photos : D. Braillon).

The Man was at wit's end. For two weeks he'd done the length and breadth of Death Valley at the wheel of his Bronco. There'd been no rest at all except for a brief halt in the oasis of Furnace Creek. His boots were all cracked by the trek across the salt flats at Badwater, his clothes and stetson were stiff from the implacable heat, 110 degrees in what they jokingly call shade, there being no shade at all in Death Valley. Now his mission was finally accomplished.

Suddenly free of his obsessions and anxiety, he took a short cut behind the Devil's Golf Course and took the incredibly bumpy track up through Green Valley Canyon. The Bronco bounced up and down on the gulches and tracks; the Man didn't give a damn. He'd done his thing, now he was going to take three days off in Las Vegas —in the gaming and leisure capital of the West, that extraordinary concrete-and-neon fairyland grown up in the middle of nowhere, founded in 1855 in the far South-East of the Nevada desert thanks more to the coming of the Iron Horse than the Gold Rush.

The Man knew Las Vegas. Two years earlier, coming out of a prolonged bout of foul humour, he'd lined up at one of the 250 Wedding Chapels and briefly tied the knot with the red-headed Sarah, heiress of the Calico Mine Saloon. It hadn't lasted long.

The times of the little motels and the anonymous slot-machines were past; so were the nickel bandit and the noisy fast-food chains with plastic table tops. He'd moved up in the world; some good jobs had jacked up his wealth. He needed to move up-market. In fact to the top, the best, an "imperial" environment. That way the contrast with the pioneer life he'd been living would be all the greater.

No hesitation. The moment he hit town, he knew he'd point his Bronco at Las Vegas Boulevard South. So there were 25,000 hotel rooms in town; he knew he wanted one of the 1800 at Caesars Palace; he wanted one of those round-bed, Roman-bath, mirror-in-the-ceiling jobs. For his luxurious tastes, Caesars was the centre of the world: or at least of his Nevada, with its 12 to 14 million tourists each year, eating, drinking and chancing Lady Luck at craps, roulette, poker or blackjack.

On the eating front, the Man had already made his choice. He was cruising along with just one eye on the road and thinking ahead to Cleopatra's Barge —just a brief stop on a Nile boat complete with band— and then to a long night in the Bacchanal. The Man knew what he wanted. He preferred the Bacchanal to the Ah-So with its Japanese garden or the Palace Court with its gallery of old masters. Yep. The Bacchanal had those vestal virgins who rubbed up your neck and shoulders and poured your wine from amphorae. Yep, that's how you put Death Valley out of your head, not to speak of the grumbling transmission of his Bronco.

Statistics ran interminably through his head: how many swimming pools there were, how many tennis courts, how many employees would cater to his every whim, how many graeco-roman sculptures, how many pendants in the chandeliers in the Roman Forum, how many seats in the theatres. They went round and round in his head together with the astronomical sums won by certain lucky gamblers.

Fremont Street in Las Vegas is where the casinos are jammed cheek by jowl and at midnight, you can take photos as if it was midday. Founded in 1855, Las Vegas was not then a gold rush town but a railroad centre, even if there were mining towns in the region like Calico, now abandoned. But Vegas has caught up now: the gold rush is its sole reason for existence. (Photos: D. Braillon).

If the nobles of ancient Rome or Greece came to stay at Caesars Palace, they would find some of the key elements of the culture, outrageously refined, with the addition of the height of modern luxury and the possibility of spending night after night in the Roman Forum for the pleasure of the tables. In the nearby Grand Canyon, the sculptures are carved for eternity. (Photos: B. Asset and D. Braillon).

As he approached his dream, the Man practically had a heart attack. He was moving into the right-hand lane to go into the hotel's huge parking lot when he saw... it had gone! He shut down the air conditioning, which had been on maximum, and lowered his window to check what was going on, and that's when he heard the roar of engines.

Suddenly, it all came back to him: it was the weekend of the Caesars Palace Grand Prix! It was the end of the Formula One season!

At the same time last year he'd vaguely heard that a Brazilian, Nelson Piquet, had been crowned world champion there before 45,000 excited spectators. At the time he'd been in Alaska neck deep in snow and ice and it wasn't exactly the place to lay his hands on a television set.

Besides, it didn't matter. He wanted to live life to its hilt at Caesars Palace and if everyone was thronging to the race, he too would go look at those great mechanical beasts come from a distant Europe.

Just as he was about to reach for his holster for a fistfull of dollars to buy his admission ticket, he fell out of his bed and woke up. What a dream he'd had! Alas! he thought, rubbing his arm and trying to climb back into bed— a round bed, and that brought him back to reality! He was already at Caesars Palace and his dream, born in a coccoon of luxury... well, thank God it was real!

G.P.I.

Postcard from Monza

We've got the keys!

Chinese junks have them forward!

For Ferrari Souvenir-hunters!

Family snapshot.

Legends die hard.

Gordon Murray as he really is!

Ready to change the guard.

LADY IN WAITING

Journalists can be quite devious, depending largely on the publication they work for. As part of the build-up to the British Grand Prix, Siobhán Daly received a phone call from a soft-spoken young lady, asking to do a piece on Grand Prix driver wives.

by Maurice Hamilton

They had a woman-to-woman chat about this and that, Siobhán noting that the lady seemed quite understanding and pleasant. But that soon changed when the woman put down the phone and became a Fleet Street journalist, shaping the conversation into the newspaper's style. Siobhán was appalled by the Shock-Horror treatment the story received. *"I'll know next time,"* she said with more frustration than anger. It was another part of the learning process involved with one of the most difficult occupations in the pit lane—the wife/companion/lover/friend/buffer/confidant of a racing driver.

Siobhán became involved with the sport when a long-haired Derek Daly was a regular competitor in stock car racing at Dublin's Santry Stadium. *"It was really good fun,"* she recalls. *"The social life was great, particularly when Derek moved into Formula Ford and raced at the Irish circuits."*

All that stopped, however, when Derek moved to England in pursuit of Formula Ford and Formula Three and Siobhán was left to concentrate on her job as assistant to the Head of Light Entertainment for Ireland's television network (RTE).

Formula 2 for Daly in 1978 meant enough money to have Siobhán move to England and start the gypsy existence that was to become her life around the circuits of Europe. The desk and Typewriter at RTE were replaced by pit walls and stopwatches; gossip and fun at social events in Dublin made way for worries about the future in an insecure and extrovert business.

Formula 1 was the future, of course, and Derek and Siobhán made their first venture into Grand Prix racing with Hesketh. The Big Time had arrived—and so had a totally new world.

"I found it completely different to Formula 3 and Formula 2," recalls Siobhán. *"People were concentrating so much harder on what they were doing. They hadn't time to chat. It was all very serious—which is understandable.*

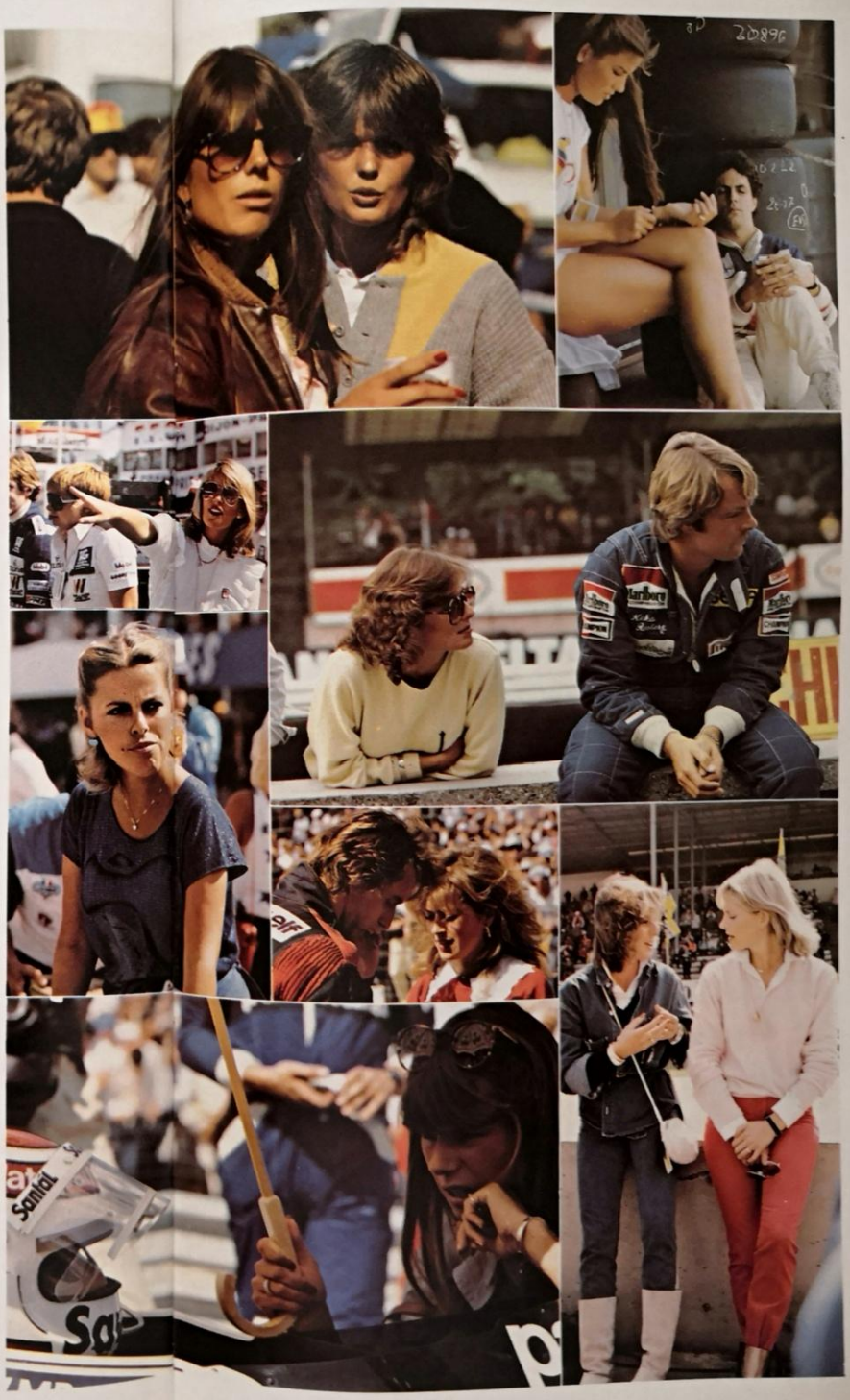
"But, from a girl's point of view, well, it wasn't easy. You just can't go up and start talking to people you don't know. It was very difficult at first and I often wished I had someone to talk to."

Siobhán's circle of friends in the pit lane expanded as Derek moved to Ensign and then Tyrrell and, at the age of 25, the attractive 'colleen' committed herself to racing completely by marrying Derek in October 1980—for richer, for poorer.

It seemed it might be the latter when a hoped-for call from Tyrrell confirming a contract for 1981 never materialised. Siobhán lived through a season's struggle with March; a winter without a holiday as Derek continued a daily search for sponsorship; a few races with Theodore—and the unbearable wait for news of a drive with Williams.

"You know," she said, *"racing becomes your life. We talk about it night and day, at breakfast and at dinner. You get accustomed to that. But those few days waiting to hear from Frank Williams... I just couldn't talk to Derek. And the relief when he signed..."*

Siobhán's move to the Williams pit brought her into closer contact with Keke Rosberg's girlfriend, Yvonne, another attractive lady who is an asset to any paddock. There was a time when wives and girlfriends proved their worth by handling stopwatches but the introduction of Longiness/Olivetti timing meant wholesale redundancies along the pit wall.



Almost as much as their famous husbands, the drivers' wives have become celebrities of the circuits, and they are constantly under the eyes of the cameras. Their secret lives become public and they are often obliged to appear cool and relaxed, showing it with a smile, when their thoughts more often are of anxiety or boredom.

"Yes," agrees Siobhán, *"timing gave us something to do. I could watch Derek's times improve and really keep in touch with his progress. It kept you occupied and interested but, now, if the timing monitors are over by the pit wall, then it's difficult to keep track of what's going on without getting in everyone's way."*

These days, the wife's role is strictly a supportive one as she spends a considerable portion of her time at the race track being largely ignored. It's an occupation which, surely, can be soul-destroying from time to time? Siobhán is positive and quick with her reply:

"No, not at all. The one thing you learn is that you can't expect too much during your husband's working day. After all, he's doing his job, a job that he loves, one that he really wants to do above all else, he can't possibly have time to come and talk to you. I soon discovered that a driver's wife can't afford to be oversensitive about these things. The last thing he needs is aggravation from his wife!

"We enjoy being together and it means a lot to know that I'm there to support him if necessary and it's nice for Derek to have company in the evening. But I really feel sorry for any girl who arrives on the scene and she's completely new to motor racing. It's very hard not to feel you're being ignored!"

Siobhán accompanies Derek on all social occasions, particularly those involving sponsors and their guests, she is brought face-to-face with the risks of her husband's trade.

"Accidents are the first thing they ask about. Everyone talks about it so you have to accept that. Even though Derek and I don't talk about that side of motor racing, I'm obviously aware of the risks and ready to accept the consequences as best I can. I'd be stupid not to be.

"Gilles Villeneuve's accident had a severe effect on me—as it did on a lot of people—and Derek and I sat down and talked about it. It helped us both. It was a very, very sad time and yet I was really glad I was there."

Away from the track, Siobhán finds her husband much the same as any man away from his place of work. More relaxed, yes, but always thinking ahead to the next race when given the chance. *"I try to get him to go out as often as possible. Sure, we talk about racing as usual but, when in company, we get onto other subjects and that clears his mind. He realises we both need a certain amount of social life.*

"When we're at home, Derek finds it relaxing to tinker with his collection of old cars. I seem to have green fingers so I'll be looking after the garden. There are times, of course, when it's a beautiful day and I don't want to leave home again. But, when you get down to it, there's no way I'd miss a Grand Prix. I love it."

A far cry indeed from the Fleet Street image of the gladiator's wife, dripping with jewels, contorted with worry, chainsmoking at the back of the pits. A lady in waiting. □

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

It takes sharp eyes to find any similarities between the old Toleman-Hart TG181C, commonly known to the team as « Belgrano », and the sleek new TG183. Derek Warwick has sung its praises and qualified in mid-field, feeling there is a lot more to come. (Photos : DPPI, FirstLine)

When a relaxed Jean-Pierre Jarier put in an extraordinary ninth place for Osella during Friday's timed practice, the pit lane was all agog. The surprise was so great that Enzo Osella decided to cut short any possibility of gossip by voluntarily submitting his engine to FISA for scrutineering.

Hope seemed to be rising from the ashes, but on the eleventh lap of the race it all went wrong again: the left rear wheel hub broke at 150mph and Jarier's wheel was suddenly and spectacularly adrift.

BAD VIBES

When you have to shave off a few more milliseconds to qualify, you don't hesitate to take the shortest route, even in a car with virtually no suspension and when the chicanes are edged with particularly vicious corrugations designed to set up a bad case of the vibes. This was how Chico Serra managed to squeeze his Fittipaldi on to the grid. (Photo : DPPI)

Pole position for Mario Andretti, called in hastily, and third fastest time for Patrick Tambay, still convalescing — Ferrari hit back hard at Monza. In the race, second and third were not so disappointing when the winner was their new recruit, already seen in Italy as Gilles Villeneuve's successor. (Photos: B. Asset, J. Blakemore).

TRICKS OF FATE

When the electric motor of the injection pump let Alain Prost down in the 27th lap of the 52 lap race, the French driver lost his last chance of becoming the 1982 World Champion. The irony of fate was that the second Renault driven by René Arnoux won. Prost and Arnoux have not got along this year, and in recent weeks —notably after the French GP and the famous "team orders" incident— it was obvious it would end in "divorce"...

The photo is revealing: stunned, as if the sky had fallen on him, Alain incredulously watches René race to victory. (Photos: B. Asset)

The Tyrrell Oils caused a sensation when they were unloaded from their transporter in the Monza paddock. Instead of their usual deep blue, they were in sparkling new sponsorship livery — and British Racing Green at that.
In the race, Michele Alboreto again drove with style to fifth place, to bring his points total to 16. Now Ken Tyrrell needs to be able to build a new chassis around a turbo engine for next year to let his young discovery prove his talent to the full.
(Photos : First Line, L. Froissart).

EXTRA, EXTRA

THE ALFA STEPS OUTS

It had its first outing on the Balocco track on the Thursday after the Swiss Grand Prix, driven by Giorgio Francia. That was simply a basic test to check that everything was working properly, and the following day it made a brief appearance at Monza, to satisfy the curiosity of the Italian *paparazzi*. But the new and eagerly awaited Alfa Romeo turbo had already beaten some sort of record.

The first chassis drawings were penned only three or four months earlier and the chassis, built by Roger Sloman in Britain, only arrived at Autodelta at the beginning of August, followed shortly afterwards by the engine-gearbox link casting which serves as the oil tank, and by the various suspension and bodywork components.

After its first track sessions the 182 turbo was sent to the Orbassano windtunnel for full-scale testing with very satisfying results. The latest offspring of Gerard Ducarouge and his team was then put in the hands of Andrea de Cesaris on the Monday and Tuesday before the Italian Grand Prix. The absolute record at Balocco with a 182 V-12 was 1'40"6 and the "prototype" turbo in the antiquated 179 chassis lapped in around 1'41. At the start, Andrea managed 1'37"7 without pushing at all hard. It appeared immediately competitive and observers there were enthusiastic. The chief Michelin technician present did not stint his praise: *"It's a fantastic car"*, he said. *"Once it's been sorted it will really give the opposition trouble. And the sound of the V-8 turbo in marvellous — there's no comparison with the sound of the Renault, Ferrari, BMW or Hart"*.

The moment Friday practice ended at Monza, Andrea rushed for his road car, as did a goodly number of the Autodelta staff. They had to get to Balocco fast to sort out a few minor problems which could compromise the scheduled appearance of the car the next day before more than 60,000 highly expectant *tifosi*.

"There was nothing serious", Ducarouge insisted, *"just a few minor points to settle about the turbo, and Andrea did seven or eight laps. What was important for us was to come here to Monza to show off the car, without any pretention of performance. We had promised it to the public"*.

Doing a few laps during the morning untimed session, the new turbocar was quickly stopped by a minor problem: *"a carbon fibre support inside one of the sidepods broke, and we had to jerryrig a repair"*.

During the first public outing, surrounded by a dense crowd of photographers, journalists and the plain curious, the 182 T was watched over and cosseted by a dignified Italian, soberly dressed in suit and tie — the engine designer Ramagnoli, who seemed to be watching with an anxious eye every rise and fall of the miniscule pistons in the 1,500 c.c. V-8. In the afternoon, after de Cesaris had used his first set of qualifying tyres on the atmospheric 182 without improving his time, he did a few more laps in the turbo car with his second set of sticky tyres.

It was a bit disappointing, but again there was no question of trying for great times, even if Andrea did say he was extremely impressed by the new car, suggesting without hesitation that it had major potential to be developed. It will not be until mid-October, after the season ends, that serious development will be undertaken.

"We will not take the 182 turbo to Las Vegas", said Ducarouge, *"because it is too new, and because we have to pack up our cars only three days after Monza to send them to the States. But once the 1981 season is over, we will go to Paul Ricard, to Dijon, and to a hot country..."*.

Ducarouge, speaking of Alfa Romeo, says "we". Does that mean he will stay with Autodelta in 1983?

"I'm already tied to them", he said during a frank discussion under the awning of the Alfa Romeo motorhome after Saturday practice, under the gaze of the milling throng in the paddock.

"The contract that I signed at the start of the year covered two seasons; nevertheless, I really want us to have the possibility of correctly organizing our racing department. That means tighter organization, a more serious approach, more personnel, investment in a testing department independent of the racing unit to develop the cars more quickly... I'm a professional above all and I fight to win. If I don't have the material I could get to the point of asking to be released".

Ducarouge was totally sincere as he spoke. But on the other hand, he does not really want to abandon his new child before it grows up.

Didier Braillon

EXTRA, EXTRA

MARIO : REPUTATION RESTORED

Trouble with the throttle linkage of his Ferrari handicapped Mario Andretti in his "come-back" drive for Ferrari at Monza, but it did nothing to take the thrill out of finding himself on the podium for the first time in more than two years. *"It's ten years since I drove a Formula 1 car for these people"*, he reflected in the press room, *"but for me it's been like coming home ."*

He arrived from New York on the Friday before practice, lunched in Maranello with Enzo Ferrari (*"it's always refreshing to see that man"*), and had a fitting for a seat on the same afternoon. Soon afterwards he was doing a few acclimatisation laps of Fiorano, and by the following Wednesday he had more than 200 laps of the famous and unique test track behind him. Pole position for the race was the culmination of his weekend.

"To tell the truth, the car was just as good as I expected. There is no comparison with a normally aspirated car, because the power is so much more. But the power band is really wide: you get the boost coming in very early. The most impressive thing about it, though, is that it's such an excellent overall package".

After last year's disappointments with Alfa Romeo (he scored world championship points only once, remember?) and the less than satisfactory experience at Long Beach with a Williams FW07 (*"a very unfair comparison with the Ferrari"*), Mario was happy to accept the invitation from the Commendatore, even though it was on a one-off basis.

He may race at Vegas (*"though my first responsibility is to my Indy car team"*), and even at age 42 he would be happy to get a good F1 offer for 1983. *"But realistically, the teams that I would consider doing it with are already set up."*

However, even if Monza is to be Mario Andretti's very last GP, it will be a much happier memory than the one that he left with after Vegas last year. It's not every driver who can make a comeback after 124 GPs, set pole position, and have to be escorted away as the fans chant their delight with his well-deserved 3rd place...

Mike Doodson

TEETHING TROUBLES

"Third row ; thats where we'll be", stated Toleman team manager Roger Silman emphatically before practice for the Italian Grand Prix. He was five rows wide of the mark, but the new Toleman TG183 showed promise at its debut.

Silman's third row prophecy stemmed from encouraging testing at both Monza and in England. When the car first turned its wheels, immediately it beat the best time ever achieved by the older TG181. And at Monza during pre-race testing, the car again ran like clockwork. Furthermore, Pirelli had new tyres for the British turbocar.

But practice never went as smoothly as that testing. Derek Warwick spent the whole of the first morning trying to set the car up. *"I couldn't believe it. The car was wandering around all over the place. I couldn't even keep it in a straight line,"* said the worried driver. And then after practice the team found that one rear shock absorber mounting had broken and the other was bent. The reason was traced, but Toleman were now a practice session behind their rivals. And they didn't finish their repairs until halfway through the second session. By the end of Friday, the team had got the car back to the set-up in which it had arrived.

The next day should have been devoted to perfecting that set-up, but within five minutes of the 90-minute morning session, the car was back in the pits with a broken turbo. Three mechanics, wearing asbestos gloves, worked for 30 minutes to change the scorching hot turbo.

So more time was lost, but at least the car was healthy at the start of the second and final timed session. Fifteen minutes after the session began, Silman walked purposefully to the team's Longines monitor and switched it to the programme showing the quickest cars. Suddenly the name of Warwick flashed up in 14th spot : 1m33.628 s. But the Englishman never went any quicker and by the end of the session, he had been pushed back a row. For a new car, however, not too bad a performance.

Bob Constanduros

WATSON VERSUS ROSBERG

Las Vegas is used to prize fights. The Nevada watering hole specialises in them, it brings out the best in their punters, and the best clichés. Caesars Palace gets that gladiatorial thrill about final showdowns, and the world's media find the idea of a ten month mega-buck road-show winding up in a car park somewhat bizarre. Unlike last year, however, this year's championship finale has an odd look about it. It's like putting the lion, the gladiator and the slave in the same arena at the same time. The lion (a turbo) will probably win while the gladiator (Rosberg) has the better chance of beating the slave (Watson) for the title. In straight terms, Wattie has a lot to do to win the title. He has to win against the turbos and Rosberg may not score. In the red and white corner, the Ulsterman is typically down-to-earth. *"I haven't given up hope for the championship. I always take each race as it comes. I don't think about the championship. I just try to prepare for the race during practice, and drive as good a race as possible. As a consequence of that, I hope to get a good result and pick up points—with a little luck resulting from others' misfortunes."*

But Wattie has no illusions that picking up nine points will be easy: *"like any circuit, Las Vegas suits the turbos. Although it is a low speed track, both the Ferrari and Renault have very responsive engines, the former fractionally better than the latter. So I expect the turbo-powered cars to be good there. Having said that, I don't believe that the Cosworth cars will be quite so far behind as they have been of late.*

"But it will be a hard race. It is physically demanding anyway, but the car's reliability is also tested. Engine, gearbox, brakes: they all take a battering."

In the green and white corner, Rosberg looks confident. He may not be champion yet—that was almost proved when he walked unhindered through the Monza paddock on Sunday morning. No self-respecting Italian fan would ever allow a World Champion to pass by like that. But after the race, Rosberg was bold enough to step out of the Williams team motorhome and talk to the press, scattered amongst the hordes of Tifosi that pinned him so close to the metal door that he had to stand on the step so as not to be crushed. To some, it seemed he'd won the championship. But to any *"well done"*, Keke rebuked *"not well done at all."* He knew that he hadn't won yet.

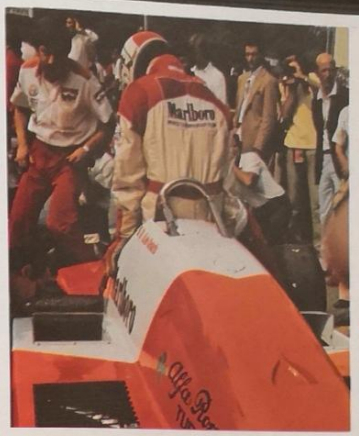
But there was a look of relief on his face, and he seemed happier than he had been after Dijon. There was a paradox. He could scarcely lose the championship, but he hadn't won it yet. *"It's just unfortunate that it isn't solved yet,"* he admitted, *"but I think it will be alright. Right now, I'm not worried, but I probably will be before the start of the race at Las Vegas."*

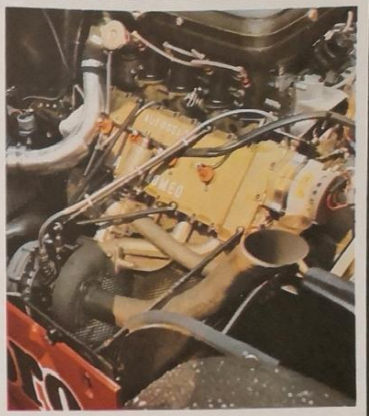
He had been rid of his main rival, Prost, but now he had a more-surprising one in Watson. That was the relief. Only the lack of legendary Williams reliability which will be so threatening to Watson had spoiled his chances. *"It's incredible. We've been here for eight days and not had a problem. And then suddenly the wing comes off."*

There may be just another worry nagging at Keke's mind: Watson was on top form in Detroit, a race he won: Detroit and Las Vegas are not dissimilar... ***B.C***

ALFA ROMEO

182/3 : Bruno Giacomelli (I)
182/2 : Andrea de Cesaris (I)
182/4 : T-car
182T/1 : T-car





The new turbo-powered car did a few laps Saturday. Its chassis is very similar to that of the atmospheric 182s, the biggest difference being the higher and larger fuel cell containing 250 litres. It meant the oil tank, previously atop the fuel cell, had to be moved back into the engine-gearbox link piece. The new car is 439 cm long, 215 cm wide, with a wheelbase of 272 cm, front track at 180 cm and rear at 165 cm. It has a new gearbox of which the casing was made by Alfa Romeo. The 90-degree V8 engine has a bore of 74 mm and a stroke of 43.5 mm for an exact volume of 1,496.7 cc. For the moment it has Spica mechanical injection with electronic control being studied. It is claimed to give 600 hp at 11,500 rpm with torque of 43 mkg at 9,000 rpm, and it weights 140 kilos with the turbocharging accessories, including the two turbos themselves, which are made by Alfa. A water injection system is being studied but it must obligatorily be different from Ferrari's system, now protected by patents. The atmospheric 182s were unchanged.

ARROWS

A4/1 : Marc Surer (CH)
A5/1 : Mauro Baldi (I)
A4/5 : T-car

Surer having had the new A5 for his "home" race at Dijon, it was Baldi's turn to use it for his home race at Monza. There were no changes to the new car or to the older A4s.

ATS

HGS1/04 : Manfred Winkelhock (D)
HGS1/02 : Eliseo Salazar (RCH)
HGS1/03 : T-car

The initial distribution of the chassis set out above was upset after Salazar had an accident Friday morning. As Winkelhock was using the T-car at the time, he kept it and the Chilean took over Manfred's usual 04. Both drivers shared it in the final qualifying session to the fury of Winkelhock who did not manage to qualify. This 04 appeared Friday with a different engine cover, completely flat in front of the rear wheels.

BRABHAM-BMW

BT50/05 : Nelson Piquet (BR)
BT50/04 : Riccardo Patrese (I)
BT50/02 : T-car

The T-car again had carbon fibre disc brakes. The engine men in Munich had done considerable work to improve the reliability of the electronic injection unit and improve its fuel consumption control.

FERRARI

126C2/062 : Patrick Tambay (F)
126C2/061 : Mario Andretti (USA)
126C2/063 : T-car

Scuderia Ferrari turned up with two new cars for the first time since Didier Pironi's accident. The T-car 063 was a new monocoque based on the 062 which appeared at Dijon, but with the longitudinal gearbox. It also had a different engine, with considerably modified internal water passages, and with the heads coloured red to differentiate them from the others. Andretti had 061, which had the front still in pre-Dijon configuration: holes in the monocoque through which the old rockers used to go, old model cast suspension pickup points and different wishbones. The three cars had new engine covers made of honeycomb material.

ENSIGN

N181/1 (16) : Roberto Guerrero (COL)

No changes at Ensign, which has been saved again by a fresh injection of money, having been in dire straits following Dijon where both its engines broke.

FITTIPALDI

F9/1 : Chico Serra (BR)
F8D/3 : T-car

The rear portions of the sidepods, hastily modified for Dijon with rather unaesthetic results, had been revised more cleanly with new mouldings. A new engine cover with dynamic air intakes was tried.

LOTUS

91/8 : Elio de Angelis (I)
91/7 : Nigel Mansell (GB)
91/9 : T-car for de Angelis
91/6 : T-car for Mansell

The race cars for the two drivers were fitted with different air intakes for rear brake cooling, drawing on the air flow inside the sidepods rather than from underneath the pods.

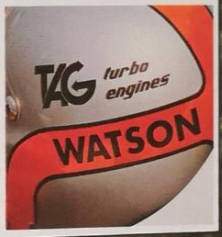
MARCH

821/RM11 : Rupert Keegan (GB)
821/RM09 : Raul Boesel (BR)

RM09 was being used again after considerable modifications to the front and rear suspension. It had Brabham-type rising-rate at the front, but the upper wishbone was very narrow to avoid moving the pickup points, which would have required rebuilding the front of the monocoque. At the back, the wheel hubs were changed to three-piece units which were first seen at the 1981 Dutch GP on Derek Daly's 811. The engineer responsible for these changes is David Kelly. An engine cover with large air intakes was also tested. Despite replacing their Avons with Michelins, neither Keegan nor Boesel managed to qualify.

McLAREN

MP4/1B-05 : John Watson (GB)
MP4/1B-07 : Niki Lauda (A)
MP4/1B-06 : T-car



As at Dijon, the McLarens were in Hockenheim set-up with one-piece sidepods without detachable sides.

OSELLA

FA1D/04 : Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)
FA1D/01 : T-car

Chassis 04 had a narrower rear track and better ground effect, thanks to a constant ground clearance obtained with new, stiffer Pirelli tyres (also used by Arrows and Fittipaldi) thus allowing a small rear wing to be used. On Saturday morning Osella tested carbon fibre disc brakes made by the French company Aerospatiale, co-builders of Concorde, with Brembo calipers modified to cope with the thinner dics.

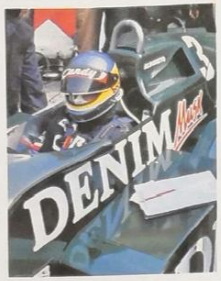
TOLEMAN-HART

TG183/1 : Derek Warwick (GB)
TG181/6 : Teo Fabi (I)
TG181/5 : T-car

The splendid new TG183, described in our last issue, appeared at last. The carbon fibre monocoque is equipped with rising-rate suspension and the Hart 415T engine has different locations for its accessories: the turbo system is on the left side, the exhausts are new and the heat exchanger, a water-water type and not air-water as we said, is above the block. As on the Alfa Romeo turbo, the oil tank is in the spacer between the engine and gearbox.

TYRRELL

011/6 : Michele Alboreto (I)
011/2 : Brian Henton (GB)
011/5 : T-car



Apart from their new livery for this race, the Tyrrells had a supplementary fuel tank for Monza, as already seen in Germany. Alboreto's 011/6 had different sidepods and sides without fins at the radiator outlets.

RENAULT

RE30B/10 : Alain Prost (F)
RE30B/05 : René Arnoux (F)
RE30B/06 : T-car

As 08 was badly damaged when René Arnoux went into the Armco in the fast corner before the pits at Dijon on the Saturday morning, he has 05 as his race car for the final two races with Renault. A lot of work was put into trying to avoid a repetition of the electric injection pump motor which caused Prost's retirement in Austria and Arnoux' at Dijon.

TALBOT-LIGIER

JS19/03 : Jacques Laffite (F)
JS19/01 : Eddie Cheever (USA)
JS19/02 : T-car

Laffite's car again had different sidepods.

WILLIAMS

FW08/5 : Derek Daly (IRL)
FW08/3 : Keke Rosberg (SF)
FW08/6 : T-car

Rosberg had a radio transmitter to enable him to talk to the pits from the car. The rear wings were those first used in Argentina in 1980 and never seen again until this year. They were one-piece units without a secondary wing, very curved, and with the leading and trailing edges at the same height.

THEODORE

TY02/2 : Tommy Byrne (IRL)
TY02/1 : T-car

The spare car, which was not taken to Dijon, was equipped with Brabham-type rising rate suspension. Like March, it had very small upper wishbones to be able to use the existing pick up points which previously carried the rocker arms. The monocoque thus was not modified. Byrne did not qualify.

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